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Diary of the Week.

THE Budget of 1910 is practically a replica of that of 1909. It takes the whole scheme of taxes imposed by that great instrument, carries them forward, and produces an immediate surplus of £861,000. This modest sum, which Mr. George looks upon as the nest-egg of larger surpluses to come, is to be expended on certain immediate social needs; £450,000 is to go towards wiping out the pauper disqualifications for Old Age Pensions from January next, about £350,000 being found by the local authorities; £102,000 goes to the local authorities in order to make up for their loss on the whisky duties; and the balance of £309,000 is reserved for contingencies. Next year the Government will start a scheme of insurance for unemployment and invalidity. This will insure two and a half million workers against unemployment, and thirteen millions against sickness and breakdown. This completes the general scheme of social amelioration announced last year, and delayed or truncated by the action of the Lords. No new taxes are imposed. There is to be a readjustment of local and Imperial taxation next year.

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THE estimates of revenue from which this balance was produced are remarkable. A total revenue of £199,791,000 is anticipated, but over thirty millions of this represent the arrears of last year's collections. Last year's deficit will be wiped out, and 9½ millions will be provided for the cancelling of debt. Under all the main headings, the Chancellor anticipated increases. The trade outlook was bright—the crops, including cotton, the production of gold, the increase in

exports and imports, the growth of the home industries, the reduction of unemployment from 8 to 4 per cent., all suggested an expanding revenue. Therefore the Chancellor anticipated increases in customs—especially in tea and tobacco—in excise, in death duties (in which he budgets for a growth of 2½ millions), in stamps, in income tax and super-tax, and (on the non-tax side) in Post Office returns. The super-tax has yet to be collected, but we believe its prospects are excellent. None of the land taxes have, of course, come into operation. Their first yield is fixed at £600,000.

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THE most interesting social criticism contained in the Budget was the review of the operation of the whisky duties. These, in spite of the Irish objection, are to be retained, on the ground of their signal service to national temperance. During 1909-10 there has been a decreased consumption of ten million gallons. Part of the lost revenue the Chancellor set down to forestalments; and to the using up of old stores. But the evidence that a limit had been set to the spirit-drinking habit was conclusive. Drunkenness dropped from the moment when the tax was imposed. The most striking figures, naturally, come from Scotland and Ireland, the whisky-consuming countries. In Scotland, there was a fall of 33 per cent. in the convictions for drunkenness. In Ireland the fall was from 35 per cent. in some districts to 70 per cent. in others. In face of these facts, he would be guilty of a crime against society if he abandoned or altered the tax.—Mr. George's most interesting aside was his criticism of the expansion of armaments—especially of naval armaments. The Naval Budget was now 40½ millions; a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph Churchill, resigned when it had merely reached 13 millions. But in 1912 the German ship-building programme dropped by 50 per cent, and we might therefore look forward to a "saner" finance.

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THE Budget, which was expounded with much ease and spontaneous humor, ended on a strong note of optimism. It and its predecessor were monuments of the superiority of Free Trade to Protectionist finance. A deficit of 16 millions had been obliterated; the new demands of defence and social reform had been met out of revenue, while Protectionist Chancellors had borrowed, and this year we were devoting £9,687,000 to the reduction of capital liabilities. Meanwhile, other nations were "lumbering along" from one deficit and one futile financial expedient to another. There was, therefore, no need for the "organised despondency" of the Protectionists.

* * *

THIS lively rally for Free Trade aroused a rather bitter protest from Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who insisted that Mr. George had over-estimated his country's prospects and under-estimated our rivals'. The Government had broken all their pledges in favor of economy, and last year spent £176,750,000 against the last Tory expenditure of £160,750,000, including a growth of 7½ millions in the Naval Budget. The Irishmen joined in criticism, Mr. Healy fiercely condemning the renewal of the whisky duties, and Mr. Redmond

more mildly suggesting that the Irish vote depended on the pressing of the constitutional issue. Mr. George made a brisk retort on his critics. Ireland, he insisted, had every reason—2,300,000 golden reasons—for blessing the Budget. As for Mr. Chamberlain, he was the Protectionist "Old Moore," furious because when he prophesied rain, hail, sleet, and snow, his forecasts disappeared in a blaze of sunshine.

DURING the week the House of Commons, on the Ministerial side, has been on the rack with suspicion, much as if it were a Jacobin Committee under the Terror. The Radicals have met and deliberated, passed a memorandum on the Conference, drawn up by Mr. Ponsonby, and handed it to the Chief Whip, who has handed it back again with the information that all would be well. Special uneasiness was caused by the idea that the Liberal Four might accept a Conservative scheme for permitting the Lords to veto Bills for one Parliament on condition that they were passed after an election favorable to the Government proposing them. The Radicals' position is, we imagine, fourfold. (1) They adhere to the Veto Resolutions as representing Liberal opinion in the country and the House of Commons; (2) they think that any weakening of these resolutions would be fatal to Party unity; (3) they object to an indefinite protraction of the Conference; and (4) they insist that Parliament must be fully consulted by the autumn.

THE Irish Members, going straight to the point as usual, suggested that all these purposes could be achieved if the Government would defer the Committee stage of the Budget until the autumn, and then declare the result of the Conference. Such an arrangement relieves the Conference of the weight, even the odium, of the suggestion that it is a Convention, taking to itself full powers to fix up a new Constitution. It also restores control to the House of Commons, and we are glad to see that the Prime Minister has accepted it. On Thursday he announced that the House would adjourn at the end of July, or the first week in August, and sit again in November, and that the later stages of the Budget, of the Accession Bill, and of the Bill for removing the pauper disqualification from the Old Age Pensions would be submitted to it. The Radicals pressed him to promise a statement on the Conference before the summer adjournment, but Mr. Asquith replied with a variation of his "wait and see" formula, by asking the House to "wait a bit."

It seems doubtful, however, whether the constituencies will wait. All correspondents report an uneasiness so serious as greatly to disorganise and disquiet both the electoral forces and the Parliamentary party. On the other hand, there is reason to think that the Conference will effect little or no results, and that its approaching failure will restore the normal party situation. We observe that the "Times" proposes to use its success against the Nationalists, and offers Mr. Asquith Unionist votes to carry the Budget, though it is quite as wicked as its predecessor.

ON Tuesday the Prime Minister brought in the Bill amending the King's Declaration in a speech admirable for weight and precision. The Government have taken exactly the right course. They have cleared away the old lumber of abusive seventeenth century phraseology, directed as it was, in its present connection, against the chance that another James II. might sit on the English throne, and substituted an explicit and strengthened

affirmation of the King's Protestant Faith. The amended Declaration reads as follows:—

"I [then follows the name of the Sovereign] do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I am a faithful member of the Protestant Reformed Church as by law established in England, and I will, according to the true intent of the enactments which secure the Protestant Succession to the Throne of my realm, uphold and maintain the said enactments to the best of my powers according to law."

THE Prime Minister's main arguments were the offence given by the old Declaration to twelve millions of perfectly loyal Catholic subjects all over the Empire; its inconsistency with the modern doctrine of no religious tests for public offices, and the overwhelming safeguards, apart from the old Declaration, and in addition to the new, for maintaining the Protestant succession to the Throne. Mr. Asquith mentioned the interesting point that King Edward pronounced the present Declaration with the greatest repugnance, and we believe that this repugnance is shared by his successor. Mr. Balfour, we are glad to see, adopted the Bill without qualification. He added that his party was anxious to change the Declaration when King Edward came to the Throne, though he failed to explain why he did not do it. The first reading of the Bill yielded a majority of 383 votes to 42. The minority consisted of the Orange Unionists, most of the Liverpool Tories, and a small set of English Whigs led by Mr. Agar-Robartes and Mr. Primrose. The latter made an amusing and just retort on Mr. Belloc's habitual intolerance of Jews, but we are afraid he forgot a noble Jewish tradition of tolerance of Christians. Has he never read "Nathan der Weise"?

MR. HALDANE made some interesting statements on Army policy in the House of Commons on Monday, with special reference to the Mediterranean command. In Sir Ian Hamilton's hands this office is to be made a purely military command, the High Commissionership being abolished, and the chief function being a General Inspectorship of the Over-Seas Forces of the Empire, including the Colonial garrisons, but excluding India. Mr. Haldane did not explain why the Mediterranean rather than London is made the centre of his command, and why the Navy was not given its share of the task. The Secretary for War declared against conscription, insisting that it could not be reconciled with voluntary service. No hostile force of more than seventy thousand could ever escape our fleet. Supposing that number were landed, we should have 300,000 men to oppose them if the expeditionary force had left these shores, and 600,000 if it had not. The cavalry regiments in Africa are not to be sent home, and the African garrison remains at its present strength, though the only reason for maintaining them is that, if they were sent to England, the home battalions must be reduced.

THE debate of nearly three weeks on the "address" with which M. Briand met the new Chamber closed on Tuesday with a rather startling victory for the Government. The only opposition which counted seriously came from the Radical Socialists, and in particular from the groups over which M. Berteaux and Cruppi preside. They were in the last Chamber the dominant party. They are so no longer. Their speeches throughout the debate have been critical to the verge of hostility. Their resolution at its close employed a consecrated phrase which indicates only a half-hearted degree of confidence. It was the sort of resolution

which most French Premiers would have accepted without much demur. M. Briand, in a series of vehement and eloquent declarations at the close of the discussion, announced that he would resign if it were carried, and would retain office only in response to the unqualified mandate proposed by M. Hess, of the Democratic Left. The Radicals capitulated, and, as the Socialist Press put it, "kissed the boot which kicked them." The resolution of unflinching confidence was carried in the end by 403 votes to 110. The Socialists, with some Radicals, formed the minority. In the majority were the Moderates of every shade, including even the Nationalists.

* * *

It is difficult to feel an unqualified satisfaction at the success of a Prime Minister, himself so recently an extreme Socialist, who is governing with the aid of the votes of the Right. The manœuvre which M. Clemenceau began has been performed by M. Briand with astonishing skill and audacity. It must mean, one fears, the inevitable suppression of much of his social programme, the distortion of his labor legislation, and certainly the postponement or mutilation of the income tax. On the other hand, in so far as it is a reaction against the traditional intolerance of the Radical groups, it is a wholesome symptom which most English minds will approve. In detail it means mainly two things: (1) the abandonment of the aggressive anti-clerical policy, and of every form of persecution; and, (2) an effort to attain clean and honest government, with decentralisation as a means of quitting the system by which the spoils of victory went to the constituents of the victors in the shape of doles, public works, and civil offices. M. Briand declares it to be his aim to govern for the nation, and not against any section of it. After the long battle with the Church, he sees himself as the general who checks the pursuit, which was degenerating into a sack. What will come of this new departure one cannot yet predict—a dangerous personal ascendancy, or the creation of a new and more tolerant administrative tradition. At the best it will be a solid and constructive advance, but on conservative lines.

* * *

THE resignation of Herr Dernburg has proved to be only the beginning of the remodelling of the German and Prussian Ministries. The departure of the Foreign Minister is now announced. Herr von Schoen, whose rôle was, on the whole, conciliation, will go as ambassador to Paris, and Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter will take his place. The new Minister is a man of brusque manners, who is said, however, to have the virtue of his defect—frankness and straight dealing. It was thought of him during the early phases of the Balkan crisis, when he filled his predecessor's place during a temporary absence, that he represented a chauvinistic tendency. His attempt at that time to meet the Reichstag was an ignominious failure. Herr von Rheinbaben, the Russian Minister of Finance, has also retired. No specific reason can be assigned, save that his administration has been subjected to very damaging criticism by the most competent of German bankers. His successor is a quite unknown official, Dr. Lentze, Burgomaster of Magdeburg. With the resignations of the two minor Russian Ministers reported last week, this makes five changes of personnel in one dragging crisis. It is impossible to divine what new direction, if any, they portend. The whole impression is one of vacillation and uneasy

fumbling for a more competent if not a stronger lead. The Socialists continue to have striking successes at by-elections.

* * *

APART from an acute, but fortunately harmless, quarrel between Greece and Roumania, and a series of ceremonial events of which Bulgaria is the happy centre, the chief symptom in the Near East is the growing virulence of the anti-Greek boycott in Turkey. It stretches from Salonica to Trebizond. It is extending from Greek shipping to every little Greek shop and café. It is not only Hellenic subjects who are its victims, but Ottomans of Greek race, and even Europeans who employ Greeks in any capacity. Other races, as is inevitable, are hastening to profit by the distresses of their competitors. Like all lively peoples, the Greeks have the pictorial art, and it is impossible to decide how far the alarmist accounts which reach us correspond to fact. But undoubtedly it is a cruel and widespread movement, which may cause acute distress to hundreds of thousands of inoffensive people. The boycott is a weapon which may be used in turn against any race, and one can say of it only that it is preferable to the older device of massacre. In Crete itself the position is still obscure and rather less hopeful than it seemed to be last week. It is uncertain whether M. Venizelos will be able to carry the Assembly with him, when it meets, in admitting the Moslem deputies. Nine European warships are now in Suda Bay.

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AFTER a decently protracted debate, in which the case for Finland was ably put by many orators, including even some members who usually vote with the Right, the Bill for the suppression of its autonomy has been carried to the last comma in the form in which it left the Duma. The opposition, we fear, meant little more than that M. Stolypin has many personal enemies in the Upper House. In Finland itself, the moment has been seized by the now numerous official Russian colony for a series of provocative demonstrations, to celebrate the bicentenary of the capture of Viborg, and the unveiling of a new statue to Peter the Great. To back these challenges, fresh troops have flooded the doomed Duchy. The Finns and Swedes stand firm, and have agreed to sink all party differences in order to make the more impressive the passive resistance which they are organising. There is talk of a formal and national appeal from Finland for British sympathy and intervention.

* * *

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Frank Hill, for many years Editor of the "Daily News," and the author of a volume of some of the most brilliant political sketches ever written. Mr. Hill drifted into a form of Unionism in later years, and we are not sure that he ever accepted the Home Rule policy of 1886. But his editorship of the "Daily News" marked a brilliant period in the history of Liberalism and journalism. We doubt whether any daily paper was more consistently well written, and showed so many signs of scholarship, polish, and zeal for those niceties and amenities of writing that one associates with the study, rather than with Fleet Street. An able daily journalist said, the other day, that he gave his readers bread, but never cake. Mr. Hill gave them cake with plenty of plums in it. For news—that prepossession of the modern daily editor—Mr. Hill cared little. But he was a zealot, even a martinet, for style.

Politics and Affairs.

THE VICTORY OF RADICAL FINANCE.

WE hope that the supporters of the general plan of finance inaugurated in 1909 will mark with care its evolution in the Budget of 1910. The one instrument is, indeed, the complement of the other. Mr. Lloyd George has simply entrenched and fortified the position he has won. The only part of the line of battle which is not definitely secured is the land taxes. The Chancellor anticipates for them an opening yield of £600,000. The action of the Lords in obliterating the accustomed boundaries of the financial year, and dislocating the whole machinery of collection, has not only snatched from the country a surplus of over a million, but has deprived us of the power exactly to measure the most original part of the Chancellor's scheme of taxation. But the main fabric has stood firm and strong. It is certain that the super-tax will draw an abundant revenue, and it only remains to be seen whether it is likely to make the super-Dreadnought unpopular among the super-rich. The enhanced death duties, with their promised yield of over 25 millions, have shown how great is the reserve of accumulated wealth in this country, and how wise was the Chancellor to draw upon it. The stamp duties reveal the increased confidence and activity of the investing classes in a year when, according to the critics of Mr. Lloyd George's finance, they ought to have withered away. Consumption tells the same general tale. The one failure is the whisky duty, and here for the first time in the history of British finance a Chancellor of the Exchequer has deliberately chosen to set a moral gain to the community against a loss to the Exchequer. The whole falling-off in the duty cannot indeed be set down to a permanent fall in consumption. Part is due to forestalments, part to the merchant's hopeful but now discredited device of using up his stores. But abstinence from an old habit, or diminished indulgence in it, has been so large that the Chancellor has felt himself justified in saying that the remission of the duty would be a crime against the State. If a Budget not only taxes fairly, but taxes for the good of the people, and can divert expenditure from less to more useful and productive channels, it may be said to have approached as near the sphere of morals as such an instrument can go.

The Chancellor's general survey, optimistic, and even roseate, in its view of the movement of trade and finance, was a quite legitimate criticism of the results of the Free Trade and Radical systems of taxation. If we are to have these "dips into the future," it is a gain to the nation for its Chancellor to belong to the school of professional cheerfulness rather than to the "organised despondency" of the Protectionist. To-day and all days, the Protectionist party is engaged in a "bear" movement for British trade, credit, and securities, which, it appears, is only to cease when the nation has given these prophets of ill the power to tamper with the springs of its well-being. The prayer of these politicians is practically that of the old Shetland cotter, "Lord, gie us a bad winter and mair wrecks," and when the country can no longer pay

its old debts, run its armed forces on revenue, avoid the loan-monger, discharge the just liabilities of a civilised community to its poorest and feeblest members, and avoid the oppressive taxation of its workers' food and necessities, cheerfulness will, we suppose, return to the now wintry face of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. All these things, Free Trade and Radical finance, emerging from bad times into good, has accomplished. All these things Protectionist finance all over the world has failed to accomplish. We do not pretend to be satisfied with the present state of the Sinking Fund, though it is something to boast, as the Chancellor boasted, that this year we are applying nearly ten millions to the reduction of our liabilities. But let us remember three salient facts. In a period of depression this Free Trade Government has compassed two great new operations—the satisfaction of the extravagant world-demand for big warships, and the workers' call for Old Age Pensions—and has cleared its account with a surplus of £860,000, and a promise of a generous contribution next year to workmen's insurance. At the same time it has closed down the system of borrowing for military and naval works. Within that period every Protectionist Government has been in difficulties which approached insolvency.

On this point we are not, indeed, disposed to draw too heavily on the future. Mr. Lloyd George was quite right in taking a cheerful view of the movement of commerce and revenue. But the future is necessarily speculative. The world's crops, which now look so well, might come to disaster through bad harvesting weather—frost in Canada, locusts in Argentina, drought in Australia, rain in Europe. Again, the fair political weather might be broken by a storm of war. And we are disposed to qualify the Chancellor's hopes of being able to provide for invalidity and unemployment pensions next year. What if Mr. McKenna and the admirals impound the whole increment of the Budget, and something more? If the Chancellor is again overruled on this head, his large and bold schemes of social amelioration will suffer shipwreck, and the Radicals will learn once more that Jingoism is fatal to reform. It is here, therefore, that the true *crux* of Radical finance appears. The nation can just stand an expenditure which is getting up to two hundred millions. It is a tremendous figure, and we have to acknowledge the justice of a criticism like that of Mr. Chamberlain, when he charges the Government, not only with breaking all their promises of economy, but with spending sixteen millions more in 1909 than their predecessors, notoriously loose in their control of finance, spent in 1905. No modern government is cheap; there is a sense in which no government ought to be cheap. But we are approaching the tug-of-war between the progressive and the reactionary view of State finance. Up to the present the Ministry have compromised between the two conceptions. But they are thoroughly hostile. Now that we approach the period of the decline in the German shipbuilding programme, we reach the golden moment of choice, not merely for Liberalism and Free Trade finance, but for the peace and solvency of the world.

THE CONFERENCE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE serious situation within the Liberal Party has been greatly ameliorated by the knowledge that the Government intend, as we gather, to take the House of Commons into their counsels within a reasonable time of the assembling of the Constitutional Conference, and that as a pledge of this confidence an autumn Session will be held, and the last stages of the Budget submitted to it. These, if we rightly interpret them, are fairly substantial guarantees, and they meet most of the points we urged in our article last week. They imply that the Conference will not be too prolonged, and that its members will not be left unchecked by the representative body between July and January next. We shall have no Convention interminably debating a Constitution, and building up a paper House of Lords. The Government put their fortunes in the hands of the party by leaving them the Budget as a pledge, and we imagine that the House will have full and early control of the findings of the very informal and abnormal instrument that has been called into being. On their side the Ministry must realise where their party stands. They have only to turn to such a speech as that which Mr. John Ellis lately delivered to his constituents, in order to know that not only the Radicals, but the main body of Liberals, in Parliament and out of it, adhere to the purpose and method of the Veto resolutions. There is a simple example of this fact in the Parliamentary articles of the Liberal newspapers this week. Last Saturday THE NATION referred to a plan—which has been freely discussed, we will not say in the Conference, but in Liberal and other circles—for allowing the Lords to defer Liberal Bills till the next Parliament, with the penalty of having them passed by it over their heads if the Liberal majority were maintained at the General Election. We mentioned this proposal only to criticise it, for it was clearly impossible for one great party to accept a badge of servitude at the hands of the other, even if the master were good enough to promise that he would put a contingent term to his indenture. But the mere thought that such a plan might have been proposed to the Liberal Four, and considered by them, raised a storm of meetings and protests. Any proposition which does not run square with the general Liberal-Labor-Nationalist contention—that the House of Commons must have restored to it its lost right of giving full effect to a popular mandate for progress—must meet a similar fate. If the Tory Party is anxious to resume the fight for Protection with this manifestly unfair handicap on Free Trade and Liberalism removed, the Conference will succeed. If Mr. Balfour would rather keep the issue of the Lords to play with, the Conference will fail. The Liberal Party will not accept equality between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. They will not give the House of Lords control over finance, or an absolute veto on non-financial legislation. They will not accept any re-arrangement of the numbers, any change in the origin and character, of the Upper Chamber which leaves Liberal Bills at its mercy.

Either the nation supports us in these propositions or it does not. It supported us last January, when we advanced every one of them. If we go to it next year with the same case, backed by the plea that the Tory Party maintains its illicit embargo on Liberal legislation, and that the Conference revealed this to be the settled objects of its policy, we shall, we think, be able to present the new King with an even stronger case for drastic action than his father had before him.

The way is, therefore, cleared for the full resumption next autumn of our political life. No longer delay is possible. The experience of the past two weeks has already shown that you cannot govern without the House of Commons, and that the habit of representative rule is so ingrained in the British mind that it resents even a temporary enhancement of the executive power. As things stand, Parliament is jealous, and properly jealous, of the Cabinet. It would be impossible to transfer any portion of its prestige to a non-partisan Committee of leaders chosen with a view to the old two-party organisation rather than to the fast developing system of groups. A French Minister, with the boldness and cunning of M. Briand, can, indeed, cut himself loose from the control of one segment of his following, and attach himself, for a few months, to another hastily compacted section, a few steps nearer the point of the circle where the Left merges into the Right. But no such free handling of a Parliament is possible in the land where the Mother of Parliaments was born. Gladstone tried it, Chamberlain tried it; both failed. In particular a Liberal leader like Mr. Asquith, who belongs to the Left Centre, can only govern by leaning to the Left. Even if he desired a "compromise"—and we have no reason to think that he does—he would find it impossible to negotiate anything which would content the fighting forces of Parliamentary Radicalism, and the mass of workers outside. Any attempt to force such a settlement could only be effected by Tory votes and a Liberal split, in which nine-tenths of the fighting forces would be cut away.

But, indeed, we have not reached a point that calls for compromise. We have lost no election. We have suffered no schism. The political leaders, let us say, were forced to accept the Conference, because of a sudden and natural failure of the political spirit of the nation. But if the country retains its love of representative institutions, it will be driven by the hard logic and indisputable facts of the situation to re-consider the cause of the failure of those institutions and of the party system to which it is presumably attached. An uneasy consciousness of that truth sits on the face of every Conservative attempt to argue the question out—on Mr. F. E. Smith's letter to the "Times," on the "Observer" articles, nay, on the official Tory acceptance of the Conference. Having obtained that moral concession, we are not likely to get much more. The Liberal leaders would, indeed, have been ill-advised if, in the attempt to get more, they had decided to leave their own army leaderless, and their natural camp at Westminster deserted, a prey to suspicion and fear and to the feeling that the ground won last January was being surrendered.

A YEAR'S LESSON IN NAVAL POLICY.

WE are glad to think that at last the whole question of armaments is to be raised in the House of Commons by definite amendments to the Army and Navy Estimates. The time, indeed, is full ripe for an exposure of the nature and fruits of the naval scare of last year, which has left a solid deposit of millions of needless expenditure on the backs of the British taxpayer. The measure of that needlessness was defined by the First Lord of the Admiralty, when, answering Mr. Middlemore, he declared that our present naval position was "much more than" adequate to maintain the two-Power standard laid down by the Prime Minister in 1908. We have, therefore, the admission that, after five years, a Liberal Government, which has failed to fulfil every one of the specific promises made by its chief and his colleagues as to the reduction of warlike expenditure, has greatly exceeded the standard—a very high one—which it voluntarily laid down as essential to national safety. What is this but a confession of waste, which, in its turn, is a confession of bad policy? If Mr. McKenna had used such language fifteen months ago, he would not have passed his Estimates, or, rather, he would not have presented them. How, having obtained these millions, he can now ask his victims to assume that in 1909, and in previous years, the Government yielded, not to a national emergency, but to some unstated political exigency, we must leave him to explain in some more intelligible and, let us add, more respectful exposition of policy than his party has yet received from him.

For, indeed, this matter of confessed excess in shipbuilding is no longer in doubt. The wheel has come full circle, and we have before us ample evidence that the statement of the relative strength of the British and German Navies, and of the rate at which the German fleet was expanding and was capable of expansion, laid before the House of Commons in March, 1909, was grossly exaggerated, and that the German rebuttal of the statement, which both Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna implicitly and almost explicitly rejected, was strictly truthful. What was the gravamen of the anti-German case? It was that our Government had been mistaken in its earlier, and, as it now appears, perfectly correct interpretation of the working of the German Fleet Act, and that there had been, and was likely to be, a general speeding-up in the construction of the ships provided. "We now expect," said Mr. McKenna, "that the four German ships of the 1908 programme will be complete, not in February, 1911, but in the autumn of 1910." A similar acceleration, he said, had begun in the case of the four ships belonging to the German programme of 1909-1910. The Admiralty, therefore, reckoned that, as the result of this acceleration, thirteen German "Dreadnoughts" would be finished in 1911, and seventeen by April, 1912. These calculations were accepted and enforced by the Prime Minister, who added a still more alarming statement that in the autumn of 1908 "most grave" intelligence had reached him as to the progress of German shipbuilding, and that, in consequence of that tremendous development, this

country had practically lost its former advantage in the rate of construction. The conclusion of the Government was that the four "Dreadnoughts" for which they then asked, and the four which followed shortly afterwards, represented the least they could demand in the "supreme and paramount interest of national security," seeing that in the "Dreadnought" class they would be left, in the critical months of 1912, with a bare margin of superiority—twenty to seventeen. Let us add that Mr. Balfour capped this extravagance with the still wilder story that Germany would in 1912 possess from twenty-one to twenty-five "Dreadnoughts."

Now, how do the admitted facts stand? They may be gleaned equally in the "Naval Annual" of 1910, in the "Navy League Annual" of the same date, in the "Dilke Return," and in an authoritative article in the current "Fortnightly Review," signed "Excubitor," who, like all Englishmen, is a "strong Navy" man. We may add that they were affirmed, officially and semi-officially, in Germany—in speeches by Prince Von Bülow and Herr von Schoen, and in communications to the press—within a few days of Mr. Asquith's and Mr. McKenna's implied charge of a secret and determined attempt on the part of Germany to overtake our naval strength. Let us first take Mr. McKenna's statement as to the acceleration of the German programme of 1908. "Possibly too much," says the "Naval Annual," "has been made of the acceleration." It has indeed. The German Navy Bill, says the "Navy League Annual," has been "much delayed in execution." All the three 1908 battleships, which, according to Mr. McKenna, were being speeded up so as to be completed by 1910, were, according to the same authority, "late in being laid down." One of them, it adds, "the 'Ersatz Beowulf,' was only commenced in January this year." All question, therefore, of their completion "by the autumn of 1910" has vanished. As to the 1909 programme, the so-called accelerations have shrunk to the case of the "Ersatz Frithjof," which was laid down a little earlier, so as to balance former unpunctuality. In no official or authoritative British publication is it now for a moment contended that there can be seventeen big German ships by April, 1912. These works fix the German strength for that date at thirteen "Dreadnoughts."

What then becomes of the margin of twenty British to seventeen German "Dreadnoughts," and of the Prime Minister's suggestion that Germany's ratio of construction and our own were being all but equalised? Both contentions have disappeared. A perusal of the Dilke return shows the impossibility of the seventeen. "The German shipbuilding contracts," says "Excubitor," "are for just under three years, while ours are for two years. Hence it follows that in April, 1912, Germany may—and probably will—have as many as thirteen 'Dreadnoughts' completed (instead of twenty-one or twenty-five), and that twelve months later she may have seventeen when we shall have twenty-seven, in addition to the two Colonial 'Dreadnoughts.'" "The position," says "Excubitor," "bears no resemblance to the neurotic statements of a little more than a year ago." Twenty-two to thirteen, as against twenty to seventeen! Let us add that this represents the maxi-

mun of Germany's possible production of "Dreadnoughts." Her own estimate, which was Prince Bülow's, was that "at the earliest" she would have thirteen "Dreadnoughts" by the autumn of 1912, and we are not aware of any fact which counters this assertion. We have, therefore, to contemplate, not a narrow margin of British superiority in this single class, whose value in naval warfare has been heavily discounted during the last twelve months, but a superiority—a superfluity—either of nearly two to one, or of more than two to one. Two more factors of advantage must be taken into account. The first is the superior strength, ship for ship, of the British, as compared with the German, types of "Dreadnought" and super-Dreadnought, a superiority expressly admitted by the "Navy League Annual." There is, secondly, our enormous advantage in pre-"Dreadnought" types, in which we must pass over more than one fleet of British battleships before we come to one vessel as weak as Germany's strongest ship. To-day "Excubitor" reckons that, of the fighting tonnage of the world, forty-one per cent. belongs to the United Kingdom and thirteen per cent. to Germany, while the "Navy League Annual" assigns us for 1912 a tonnage of 1,493,000 in battleships and armored cruisers, against Germany's 578,120. Therefore, on the basis of comparison chosen by Mr. McKenna, we have no question of narrow margins and a skimpy superiority, but a continuing advantage of about three to one, and Mr. McKenna's ingenuous confession of profusion in the past is no more than a modest measure of the excess for which—driven by the idle wind of partisan breath that his own thoughtless language stirred to a storm—he is personally responsible in the near future.

We think that something is due in this matter both to Anglo-German relationships and to the Liberal Party. All the moral sting of the reproaches of 1909 lay in their sketch of a stealthy spring on our naval supremacy. Now that is out of the picture, and Germany deserves a formal and handsome acquittal. It is also clear that some guarantee must be given of a pause to this senseless bloating of armaments. The Anglo-German case fits in with some nicety to a parable used by Mr. Bryan in a speech on international peace. Three farmers occupied the borders of an inland lake. To them entered an enterprising shipbuilder. To the first farmer he said: "You have the richest lands on the shores of this lake. How can you leave them defenceless against your neighbors? You must build a warship." The ship was built, and the tempter passed to Farmer B. "Look," he said, "at Farmer A. What can he want with a warship, unless he means to steal your farm? You, too, must have a ship, and a stronger one than A's." In his turn the third farmer was told of what his neighbors were doing, and warned that he must build, not merely against one, but against both—a two-power standard. Then having completed the circle, the seducer turned back to Farmer A. His first ship was a good one, but now, unhappily, it was quite outclassed by B's and C's vessels, and there was nothing for it but a new and stronger type. The parable touches the fatal downward slide of the international race in armaments. We have passed from English "Dreadnoughts" to German "Dreadnoughts";

from super-"Dreadnoughts" to super-super-"Dreadnoughts"; from 17,000-tonships to 20,000-tonners; and the world is going from 26,000 to 30,000 tons, with a strong opposition party declaring that, by recent advances in submarines and aerial warfare, these monsters have been reduced to the position of mere reserve forces, to be called in after a prolonged and ruinous series of raids on merchant shipping and a mutual destruction of swarms of destroyers, torpedo-boats, and airships. What bred this madness? Suspicion, and only suspicion. False news, false inferences, false theories of statesmanship, bloated by the press and by party tacticians into a passionate national craving for "Dreadnoughts" and more "Dreadnoughts," to save us from these berserkers of the North Sea. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was ridiculed because in the first issue of *THE NATION* he sought a method of regulating Anglo-German armaments before this futile race was fully on its way. Germany rejected his counsels, and bears her full share of blame for this rejection; we are afraid that they were never pursued on our side with much strength and determination. What good has come of the opposite policy? It has dislocated German finance, and produced in our country a forty-million Naval Budget, with the promise of fifty millions to come. Now the developments of our programme may make the extension of the German Fleet Act inevitable. The prevention of that misfortune is the great prize which the Liberal Party may yet win, if it calls to its aid the clear-eyed forces that war on the blindness of men.

THE RE-SHAPING OF GERMANY.

It would be a nice speculation to consider how far the slow and nerveless development of the momentous crisis which may, in the end, result in the re-shaping of Germany and Prussia is an expression of the restraint and deliberation which are part of the national character, or how far it is a consequence of government from above. For rather more than a year the crisis has seemed to be acute. One Chancellor has gone, another has been shaken in his seat. The Imperial Government had to surrender the contentious new taxes in its Budget of last year. The Prussian Government was fain to withdraw its mutilated Franchise Bill. The Kaiser, driven into unwonted retirement by the storm which burst after the "Daily Telegraph" interview, has ceased to exercise a public influence upon events. Yet, despite the weakening of his power, there is no sign as yet that the epoch of responsible government has begun to dawn. Both Ministries have been remodelled in the past two weeks. But while some conspicuous men of strong character have retired, their successors are, with one exception, officials who may be able men, but who are also unknown, and of no decided party complexion. To aggravate the uncertainty, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg is himself something of an enigma, a man who has suddenly added to a reputation for good work as a draughtsman of salutary social legislation, two or three recent speeches which breathed the spirit of the bureaucratic

reaction. The whole impression is one of fumbling and uncertainty in the upper world. Defeats bring no decisive engagement. There is a shuffling of names, a change of front that means no change of spirit, a weary, uninspired preparation for the next round, a choice of officers whose pennants are neutral and whose war-cries no follower will echo. The clever managing strategy of a Bülow failed, and irritated while it failed. The lifeless conduct of a Hollweg achieves no more, and if it is less disastrous, that is only because it succeeds by its very inertia and indecision in administering a temporary opiate to public passions.

The governing men are without a policy, and devoid of authority. The ruling class knows much more clearly what it means. It stands for an uncompromising resistance to the spirit of the hour, and it relies on the habit of German discipline. The Prussian squires, who fertilise their sandy acres with the profits of an oppressive tariff, and rest their family fortunes on the wages of office, are firm for their privileges. They have braved the clamor of the masses against the increase in the cost of living, which is the admitted consequence of their last tariff—a consequence so obvious that it has even been used to justify the increase of official salaries in every department of the public service, and the augmentation of the Sovereign's Civil List. They unblushingly reject the new taxes which would have laid their class under contribution, and have piled instead fresh burdens on the consumer. They have rallied to the defence of the antiquated Prussian franchise, and supported, as long as it was possible and prudent, the forcible repression of the mass demonstrations against it. And finally, that nothing should be lacking, their Ruperts have even challenged the middle class, by declaring that it would be the duty of a Prussian officer, if his Kaiser bade him, to take ten men like the Captain of Köpenick, and close the doors of the Reichstag to its members. In this camp, which dominates the Army, the Court, and society, there is a firm front and a clear resolve to resist at every one of the many points which the enemy may challenge.

Equally decided are the Social Democrats, and theirs is the success which comes of determination. Ever since the last General Election, when, despite the increase of their total poll, a coalition of Liberals and Conservatives reduced their forces in the Reichstag, their fortunes have been rising. They have forced the doors of the Prussian Diet. They have achieved, in a long series of by-elections, an unvarying record of complete or partial victory. They have won seats which in other years seemed beyond their reach, and, even where they have failed to win, they have qualified for the second ballot. One need not suppose that Germans are much nearer than they were to the adoption of the whole Socialist doctrine. The Socialist successes are due to two factors. In the first place, their party voices, with the greatest resolution, the general discontent. It is frankly against personal government, against oppressive taxation, and it rallies the discontent of the non-Prussian element against the Prussian squirearchy. It has also profited by the indecision of all the other parties. The Radicals are still internally

divided, though they have attained at last a certain outward unity. They are compromised by the memory of their weakness while Prince von Bülow's "Block" survived. They are torn between their democratic principles and their dread of the Socialist masses. The National Liberals have as yet arrived at no intelligible policy. They retain some faint memory of an ancient Liberalism, but their traditions as Bismarck's governing party and the interests of the industrial magnates who control and finance them have made them, on the whole, an anti-popular party. In one constituency they will support the Socialist at a second ballot, in another they give their votes—or such of their votes as they can keep loyal—to an Agrarian. What is happening is clearly that the party machine, alike in the Radical and in the National Liberal groups, has lost its authority over the electors who normally vote with them. A crisis has arrived in which the plain man demands a decided policy. He finds it only among the Socialists.

One seeks in vain to draw any augury from the new appointments. Herr Dernburg has gone because no man of intelligence who valued his reputation would choose to be linked with the fortunes of a Ministry so undecided and so illiberal. The choice of a new Foreign Minister in Count Kiderlen von Waechter, who has a reputation for brusque manners, if not for Chauvinist opinions, might conceivably mean, if it means anything at all, an intention to distract the internal crisis by inaugurating a spirited foreign policy. Of the other resignations and appointments one can say only that they betray *malaise* and a sense of failure, but no clear perception of the new course that should be followed. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg has the will to try again, and conceivably he may survive in a Reichstag which never reflected the real apportionment of votes at the ballot, until the General Election of next year makes a new situation. The fortunes of Prussia and the Empire are subtly interwoven. It will be the winning of a democratic franchise in Prussia which will make the new Germany. But the real battle over Prussia may none the less be fought out neither in its gerrymandered Diet nor in its police-ridden streets. It will be won when it becomes apparent that a Conservative Chancellor, who might hold his own in the Prussian Diet, can no longer manage the German Reichstag. How near or how far we may be from that consummation no one can say. The events which lead up to it may include a succession of General Elections; they may even include an attempt to use the dangerous weapon of a general strike. This, at least, one may say with certainty. The forces of the people are massed and resolute. The rulers are plainly inadequate to their impossible task. Sooner or later a free Germany must emerge.

THE FINANCE OF PARTY.

THE finance of party is everywhere the seamiest side of politics. That this should be so does not seem to be inherent in the theory of representative government, or even in its operation by means of party. Burke's theory of party as the action of good men who come together

to carry out a policy which they hold to be conducive to the common wealth, does not seem to involve, or even to admit, a large and elaborate finance. The zeal and interest of the individual members will mostly supply, not by money but by personal effort, such labor of organisation and of education as may be requisite. Is it necessary to ensure that the names of all their neighbors who think with them are in the voting register, to summon members of the local party to select the fittest candidate, to convene and hold public gatherings for the education of the electorate, to pursue the work of education even by a house-to-house visitation, to publish and distribute party literature? Where the true spirit of party is alive and keen, nearly all this service is capable of being rendered—as it is rendered to-day in the Labor Party—by the voluntary zeal of the rank and file. If some expenditure upon offices and committee rooms and on literature seems unavoidable, a light voluntary levy on the members of the party would appear adequate to meet all reasonable demands.

It is notorious, however, that the actual operation of our party system is on very different lines. Permanent paid agents with offices, expenses connected with registration, the upkeep of party clubs, sub-agents, and paid canvassers, the cost of public meetings and literature, all necessary items in the modern party system, involve a very heavy expenditure. To this must be added the expenses of the Returning Officer, and, in some instances, a contribution to the maintenance of the elected representative. In a word, voluntary work covers comparatively little of the operation of the party system, requiring at every turn to be supplemented by paid work. If this expenditure were wholly or even mainly defrayed by open and genuinely voluntary donations given by the rank and file of the party, little harm would be done. But these conditions are not fulfilled. In almost all instances the local party funds are almost entirely defrayed out of the pockets of the candidate or member, if he be a rich man, and of a handful of well-to-do supporters: the actual organisation covers a very small proportion of the party voters, and a few men finance and control the organisation.

Here, however, there exists at any rate the safeguard of publicity. Everybody knows who pays the local piper. But the real weakness of this system is disclosed in the growing inability or unwillingness of the local party to bear the full expenses of a party fight. This throws into growing relief the central party fund out of which assistance can be obtained to supply deficiencies of local party spirit. It is not too much to say that these central party funds, alike in their origin and in their use, constitute the most sinister feature in modern politics. The bulk of the money is got from the purses of a small number of very rich contributors. They are members of the party—on general grounds, no doubt, sincere members—but no one supposes that these heavy contributions are merely an expression of the intensity of their disinterested desire for the achievement of the policy for which the party stands. In some instances—we know of one conspicuous example—no doubt this is the case, but usually not. By these contributions to the party

chest rich men can buy what rich men want, either the opportunity to become richer men by legal or official assistance, or, as is, perhaps, more common at present in this country, social distinction and importance. In countries like the United States and Canada, where lucrative spoils and graft are widely prevalent, the *quid pro quo* for party contributions is commonly taken in cash, through tariffs, public offices, or contracts, or other pulls upon the public purse. It appears quite natural in Pennsylvania that all officials should be called upon for a *pro rata* payment to the Republican fund, and that rich corporations should express their loyalty by heavy cheques. A tariff in this country will produce a similar simplification of party finance, as would be abundantly apparent if the Tariff Reform League would make public the list of its contributors and the sums they are paying for the mere chance of a future right to loot their customers.

But at present the angling of the party managers is more indirect. Social consideration is the goods they have to sell. Now, with the Conservative party, this utilisation of the national fund of snobbery is less reprehensible, for they believe in social status as measured by rank and degree, and it is comparatively harmless for a well-to-do Conservative to buy a rise in society by a payment to those who can give it him. The ways in which the Primrose League and other party organisations are "operated" to get work and cash out of social climbers are small enough, but at any rate there is nothing in such practices inconsistent with the principles and professions of a party which stands for class distinction, and for the maintenance of inequality of opportunities. With a Liberal party it is different. To raise a party fund by dealing in "honors" is to touch the accursed thing; it betrays Liberalism by trading in the sentiments of illiberalism. The worst effect of such a practice is the blend of cynicism and hypocrisy it evokes in those who know that it is done, and how it is done. No one supposes that all the "honors" conferred are given upon an impartial consideration of public services or personal distinction on the part of their recipients. Everyone who follows politics at all closely is aware that in many instances neither of these causes is responsible for the act of elevation. Most Liberal politicians, recognising the urgent necessity for swelling the party funds, make a single comment upon the reading of most "honors" lists. They express the hope that the Whips have got good money.

Such cynicism is bad enough, but it is even worse for those who conduct the traffic to proffer denials of a practice which they know to be a fact, and which they know that others know to be a fact, using some thin screen of indirectness in negotiations to cover their repudiations. If the Liberal war-chest can only be replenished by such means, we would prefer it remained empty, for the moral and intellectual damage done to Liberalism by such methods outweighs the financial gains. For a party of progress to depend upon heavy payments by a few rich men is always perilous. For the simple wisdom of the saying that he who pays the piper calls the tune comes home every time.

Life and Letters.

AN ENGLISH MYSTIC.

IN the midst of what we sometimes call an age of materialism, among a people who pride themselves on the hardness of their facts, and prefer to take their Christianity with a stiffening of muscularity, strains of genuine mysticism sometimes appear. Beneath the realism of a successful business career, or the tense intellectualism of the scientific specialist, or the cold formalism of institutional religiosity, it asserts its secret, irresistible appeal to some deep underlying need of humanity. The voices, indeed, are few, nor do they gain wide audience amid the clamor of a world devoted to money-making, sport, electioneering, and pleasure. But they are persistent, and their call to their kind meets with larger response than appears on the surface. Though mysticism eludes precise definition, taking its nature and its color from the roots of racial or individual temperament, it always involves two convictions, one of the existence of a world of spiritual reality underlying the world of sense, the other of some power in man to get direct apprehension of this spiritual world. It is more of a feeling than of a belief, for no merely philosophic doctrine of the logical necessity of idealism, and no such scepticism of the intellectual instrument as is at present busily undermining the older Western rationalism, necessarily lead to mysticism. The mystic is distinctively a "sensitive," to borrow, as one always must, a physical analogue: it belongs to his nature and his creed to discard the intellect as the means of gaining spiritual truth in favor of a method which is intuitive or illuminative, according to the stress thrown upon the seer or the seen. The ordinary hard-headed Englishman easily dismisses such notions as belonging to the vague emotionalism of thin-blooded ascetic Oriental, untrained in the rigor of the physical sciences, whose low appreciation of separate personality and the life of the senses leaves him the prey of the idle cloud-pictures his imagination paints upon the void. If occasionally some traveller from Eastern lands brings back a flavor of such creed as an emotional trophy, or some English clergyman finds in his imported religion some relic of its Oriental origin, or some poet-artist penetrates the veil of Maya in order to disclose the hidden beauty of the spirit that lies beneath, we regard such a phenomenon as an interesting but morbid eccentricity.

It was, therefore, most unlikely that when a quite different sort of man, the well-known oculist, Dr. James Hinton, took to expounding mystical doctrine, he should get a serious hearing or be looked upon as anything other than an evident "crank." For a man of scientific training to repudiate scientific logic as the sufficient guide of human conduct, or the mode of attaining the highest forms of truth; for a professor of the art of healing to maintain the paradox that pain is the guardian angel of the human spirit as of the human body; for any eminent specialist in this age of ours to quit the bit of earth he knew better than others to wander in a metaphysical cloud-land, seemed a monstrous perversion of human ability. To-day we are more familiar with, perhaps more tolerant of, the reaction against rationalism in the world of science itself, and physicists of the eminence of Professor Barrett and Sir Oliver Lodge, not to mention the veteran Dr. Russel Wallace, have done much to popularise in the educated world some of the distinctive doctrines of mysticism.

But James Hinton was a pioneer who had to cut his way with an axe through forests of suspicion and misconception. An over-ready and voluminous writer, he had no gift of literary exposition, though his books are strewn with single phrases of startling brilliancy, and few even of his intimate friends had the capacity or took the trouble to understand him. Yet, quite apart from the measure of truth which his peering, delving mind dug out of life, the strange spirit of the man and his outlook deserve far more attention than this book-burdened age is disposed to give. Though the account of

the man and his work given by Mrs. Havelock Ellis in her new book, "Three Modern Seers" (Stanley Paul & Co.), attempts no complete or formal exposition, it furnishes a very vivid and instructive statement of several of his most distinctive tenets, illustrating well that passion for human service which removes from him the taint of self-absorption and of barrenness commonly associated with "the mystic."

In truth, Hinton's mysticism had very little of the Oriental about it. Though the material was to him "unreal" in the sense that it was man's defective way of representing to himself the spirit which alone was real, asceticism in the shape of deliberate disparagement or repudiation of the body was no part of his creed. For asceticism, like the un-intellectualism with which it is coupled in some religious natures, implies a wrongful attitude towards pleasures and pains. It is the business of man to accept, not to reject, pleasures and pains. The fear of pleasure, as of pain, marks a mistaken economy of life. This is where he parts company with the puritan conception of religion and morals. To the puritan every lust, or passionate desire, is condemned as an excess. Hinton condemns it as a defect. "Lust," he writes, "is but distortion of one or some desires, that comes by absence of desires that ought to be present." But though pleasures and pains, the warders of life physical and spiritual, are to be accepted, they are not to be pursued. There are even many passages in his writings, laying such stress upon the central duty of "sacrifice" in service, that they might easily lead to a practical asceticism. But the general trend of his teaching is that life is always an assertion of function, never a mere negation, and that in this view pain and evil are justified as processes of wholesome nutrition.

But the true logic of the mystic comes out in the attitude towards laws or organised restraints. He sees three stages in the evolution of conduct. First comes the animal guidance by physical impulse. Reason, evolved in the struggle for life, next imposes barriers of restraint. But can man never rise to a higher level of liberty in which rational regulations of conduct may give place to a natural acceptance of duties, which will no longer rank as obligations, but as pleasurable modes of self-expression, when dislike and fear have been removed from them? Here is the higher anarchism which Spencer thought might eventually be reached by a course of ethical evolution, in which the man and the society most altruistic or "representative" in motive would survive and occupy the earth. Not, however, by enlightened reasoning, but by a direct intuitive recognition of love as the dominating force in life, Hinton claimed to reach the goal. Mrs. Ellis rightly indicates that his teaching has certain affinities to that of Nietzsche in his ultimate reliance on impulse or feeling, and perhaps even in a vision of a society of super-men who have attained the service which is perfect freedom. But she does not here expound what we may call his rational defence of this irrationalism, his plea for the moral emotions as the mode of revealing truths in the realms of conduct. Nor is it easy to do so.

And yet the real test of his "mysticism" lies precisely in this assertion of the need of fortifying the operations of the intellect by this further contribution to what he terms "actual" philosophy. "The essential point in inductive science is the authority of the intellect over the senses—e.g., our knowing the stars for worlds. It is the only means of discovering truth, the only true science, because the only one subordinating sense absolutely, and compelling it to conform. The 'actual' philosophy deals by the intellect as the 'inductive' by the senses, denies its authority, and subordinates it, and makes it conform to a power or faculty, together with which it uses it in investigation. Thus, of course, the 'actual' makes more use of the intellect, even as the inductive does of the senses. This denial of the authority of the intellect, taken with the assertion and employment of the moral sense, constitutes a new inductive science, in which the intellect bears the same part as, in our present inductive science, the senses do, is at once the foundation, and yet subordinate." Does the intellect really determine the issue of any process of

a moral judgment? Are not purely rational explanations of such essentially moral phenomena as our sense of free-will or of remorse ultimately futile, and does not this futility consist in attributing to the intellect powers and capacities which really belong to the sphere of the moral emotions?

Such are among the mystical suggestions which are apt to recur from time to time to the minds even of professed rationalists. The tendency to reconstruct a philosophy of life along lines which give prominence to the determinate character of non-rational factors in human nature is visible in many quarters. This occidental mysticism, fed largely upon the results or recognised defects of modern science itself, owes to James Hinton more than it yet recognises, for his courage in challenging more fearlessly than any other English thinker of his age the fortresses of scientific orthodoxy. Some of his assaults may have been repulsed, as some of the positive claims for the validity of the emotions in his higher anarchism may be dangerous and false. But honor is always due to one who thus puts the accepted modes of thinking on their defence, rebelling against the intellectual submissiveness with which we buy too dear our faculty of "getting on" in "the practical affairs of life."

THE BATTLE OF HUDGE AND GUDGE.

THAT the people are always being given what they don't want is a favorite thesis of the critics of representative Government. It has been maintained by many writers intimately familiar with the life of the poor. These contrast the actually expressed opinions of the race amongst whom they live, concerning measures designed for their betterment and improvement, with the eager, bustling advocacy of these same measures by those who think themselves the people's friends. There are those who note also a certain defiant recognition of this fact, even by the legislators and writers who still call themselves Democrats. In a recent protest in *THE NATION*, a firm condemnation was passed upon all who thus claimed that "progress" was the work of the few, and that the common herd should be goaded, cajoled, or deluded into advances for which they had no approval. In his entertaining and often stimulating discussion, "What's Wrong with the World?" (Cassell & Co.), Mr. G. K. Chesterton deals with this divergence of rulership and ruled in his own characteristic fashion. One of his favorite maxims is that the people of England through all the centuries have never been articulate; that since the Norman Conquest they have always been the slaves of alien conquerors; as much to-day, when a small group of rich men and governing families decide where they shall drink and how they shall live, as yesterday when they were branded on the forehead with the sign of serfdom. He pictures the two tendencies dominant at this time embodied in the pleasant personalities of Hudge and Gudge. Hudge sees the people living in verminous, insanitary slums. He cries out that, at all costs, this must be remedied. He runs up "a row of tall, bare tenements like beehives: bundles the people out of their unspeakable habitations into little brick cells, well ventilated, supplied with clean water." Gudge hates the tenements in their soulless embodiment of raw and unbeautiful monotony. He assails them with fervor—such fervor that he comes to believe, and to assert, that the people were much happier where they were. "As the people preserve in both places precisely the same air of dazed amiability, it is very difficult to find out which is right." But controversy, as always, tears Hudge and Gudge asunder. Each is insensibly led on to assert and to believe more incredible things. Gudge, before the end, "has succeeded in persuading himself that slums and stinks are very nice things, that the habit of sleeping fourteen in a room is what has made our England great, and that the smell of open drains is absolutely essential to the rearing of a Viking breed." Meantime, Hudge is defending

common kitchens, and infamous asbestos stoves become sacred to him, "merely because they reflect the wrath of Gudge." "He maintains, with the aid of eager little books by Socialists, that man is really happier in a hive than in a house. The practical difficulty of keeping total strangers out of your bedroom he describes as Brotherhood, and the necessity for climbing twenty-three flights of cold stone stairs, I daresay he calls Effort." Gudge ends dolefully, an apoplectic Tory in the Carlton Club: "if you mention poverty to him, he roars at you, in a thick, hoarse voice, something that is conjectured to be 'Do 'em good.'" Hudge is reserved for perhaps a more miserable fate. "He is a lean vegetarian, with a grey, pointed beard and an unnaturally easy smile, who goes about telling everybody that at last we shall all sleep in one universal bedroom: and he lives in a Garden City, like one forgotten of God."

The people, in general, is Mr. Chesterton's contention, are being thus offered a choice of two equally repugnant alternatives: to remain as they are, or to improve along lines, not which they consider good, but which other people consider good. They desire a little, decent cottage home, with three bedrooms, back yard and tiny garden, and creeper over the front wall. They are offered the alternative of a cottage slum or a clean polished cell in a clean polished cliff of tenement building. They desire—in the countryside at least—each a little piece of land which they can call their own. They are offered (by Gudge) serf labor of landless men, under the friends of Gudge, who own the land; they are offered by Hudge uncertain tenancies under the blind, impersonal, indifferent ownership of the State. They want to bring up their children in their own way, help in times of depression, special support for the infirm, the sick, the weak and feeble. They are offered by Gudge that depressing and degrading struggle with impossible destitution which Gudge opines will brace their moral qualities, and stimulate their efficiency. They are offered by Hudge clean and efficient and polished institutions, where under the high-sounding titles of "preventive detention," "reformatory treatment," or "Colonies for the morally inefficient," they will be separated, sorted, classified, efficiently fed, housed, incarcerated, controlled. They want—if they want anything at all—the "Socialism" which once stupidly passed for interpretation of that term, but which is, in fact, its antithesis—a division of private property, in which each will get a share, to do with as he pleases. They are offered quite other choices: the present "Individualism," which leaves private property, but none for them: the present "Collectivism," which abolishes private property altogether, taking away from "him that hath not, even that which he seemeth to have."

The result—in this interpretation—is both explanation and triumphant vindication of the "Swing of the Pendulum" in politics. Gudge is in power, and the poor rot to pieces at the basis of society, none in the Government at the summit seeming to heed or care. In anger, and with a vague desire for change, Gudge's Government is thrown out, and Hudge—generally a near blood relation of the wife of Hudge—is installed as ruler and dictator. Hudge immediately proceeds to help the poor in his own bright and artless fashion. He sees that the people drink too much, and immediately closes their familiar houses of refreshment. He sees that the people live in insanitary and overcrowded conditions: he dispatches his devoted inspectors—lesser relatives of the Hudge-Gudge pedigree—to break into their homes, to catalogue their squalors and depravities, to tear down their tumbled cottages, to drive them forth into a rough, alien, unfriendly world. He forbids them to be born without trained, certificated midwives; to perish without trained certificated nurses; his armies of officials cleanse, classify, sort, arrange, compose; some bearing the sick into the municipal infirmary, some bearing the restless or dissatisfied youth into the State Reformatories, some spiriting away feeble-minded, epileptics, "unemployables," and any other too desperate variants from the normal type, into vast institutions with high polished thinking and of weighing evidence which takes shape in

walls and every scientific appliance and organisation. At the end Hudge pauses for a moment, rubbing his hands with honest delight, returning to "the people" with so rich a harvest of progressive legislation, a "mandate" amply fulfilled. He finds "the people" have all the time been viewing his activities with a deepening disgust; stiffnecked and rebellious, they cry aloud for the slavery of Egypt, sooner than endure the intolerable discipline of the desert march; Hudge and his reforming army are swept into oblivion; Gudge triumphantly reigns over a people who desire only to be left alone.

Whether to accept or to condemn such conditions of political and social "progress" is a contestable problem. There are those who say that only by such "composition of forces" is any human betterment possible; that it is not only a legitimate, but entirely desirable, proceeding that the people should always stone the prophets, and always garnish their sepulchres. A force of desperate reactionaries sweep them to one side, later a force of desperate progressives sweep them to another; but the ship steers warily forward all the same: at the end of each particular systole and diastole, appreciably nearer to its desired haven. There are others, however—Mr. Chesterton is amongst them—who still retain the belief that one day the people will assert themselves, and determine to do as they wish, repudiating alike those who neglect them for their pleasure and those who disciplined them for their improvement. He has welcomed in former writing the French Revolution, because it showed that the poor, "those jewels of God," formed not only a pavement, but a living pavement, that the very stones might not only cry out, but rise up and terribly destroy those who indifferently trod them down. He seems to believe that even now the frantic Industrialism of Gudge and the frantic Collectivism of Hudge may alike be swept aside before a determination of all the dispossessed to obtain a pittance, liberty, and a home. He offers, indeed, no easy alternative to that "Socialism" which is the consternation of the wealthy. His knife is as much as at their throat, demanding "Disgorge." To preserve property he would distribute property; to save the home, he would make a home worth saving. He believes, indeed, that there is some dark comradeship and secret unclean alliance between Hudge and Gudge: just as an ordinary street crowd will to-day always cheer the orator who proclaims that the difference between the two parties is that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. "Gudge, the plutocrat, wants an anarchic industrialism: Hudge, the idealist, provides him with lyric praises of anarchy. Gudge wants women-workers because they are cheaper: Hudge calls the woman's work 'freedom to live her own life.' Gudge wants steady and obedient workmen: Hudge preaches teetotalism to workmen, not to Gudge. Gudge wants a tame and timid population, who will never take arms against tyranny. Hudge proves from Tolstoy that no one must take arms against anything." This partnership, however, if it exists, is unconscious. Gudge believes that he has the secret of Social Order, Hudge that he has the secret of Social Progress. Each quietly despises the other. And though Hudgism tends to fade into Gudgism with the coming of fortune and old age, there are always being thrown off—even from the family predominantly Gudgite—ardent impetuous Hudges who will descend into the slums and ameliorate the poor and with keen, bright faces advocate regulation and suppression and control. Meantime the ruler and victim walk bewildered like ghosts in a world half realised. "I only know that between them they still keep the common men homeless. I only know I still meet Jones walking the streets in the grey twilight, looking sadly at the poles and barriers and low red goblin lanterns, which still guard the house which is none the less his because he has never been in it."

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

If there could breathe a man with so dead a soul as not to stir at words like "tomahawk," "scalp," and "buffalo," we should at last despair of immortality.

For where would be the hope of eternal life, if a passing wind of threescore years could thus extinguish the spirit's flame? We believe there was a time when North America lay "undiscovered" still, and the European boy sprang from childhood into man without the transfiguring transition of wigwam and war-paint. An enviable time for North America it must have been. Who can picture the felicity of that Earthly Paradise, when Blackfoot and Chippawa in uncounted tribes wandered unchecked over an unlimited land of prairie and mountain gorge, stuck with aureoles of scarlet feathers, shod with hairy skins, hung about the waist with skins of longer hair, and varying the bison feast with stealthy marches on the trail? We do not doubt that the European boy also had his compensations. It was a gay world when the ocean, teeming with monsters, swept round the edges of a flattened circle, and stories of vaulted treasure-houses came from Ind, and even in the forest, close beside the boy's castle, strange ghosts and outlaws made their habitation. Certainly, that was for the young a finely variegated world, but, without the Red Indians, boys lived and died half-conscious of a vacancy they could not define, and, with a mother's crafty solicitude, nature kept for her favorite child her best plaything as the last.

She gave it less than a century ago, and the gift was supreme. The Red Indian combined every quality of attraction. Had he been black, with protruding lips, flat nose, and lamb's-wool hair, he could have seemed little more than laughable or pathetic. Had he been yellow, with slit eyes and pigtail, he would have remained an industrial and undistinguished object, like the ant. But he was red all over as a dusky flame; his face was like a hatchet never buried; his hair hung straight as string, pre-ordained for scalping; he dug no ground, he read no books, he knew no working hours, he toiled not, neither did he spin; his life was like the lion's, ever pursuing his prey, and his path was like the eagle's in the air. Too tragic for pathos, too proud for laughter, he took the world with proper seriousness, and he was serious about the proper things. Not for him the silly talk of grown-up people maundering over politics, vestries, business, and the differences of church and chapel. His mind was set upon the things that really matter—the flight of the arrow, the pitching of the wigwam, the victory of his tribe. Water was sometimes an object of interesting search, but he took no thought of gas and drains. If he did not like a man, he killed him; if the quarrel was over, he smoked the pipe of peace; and as to chapels and churches, the Great Spirit moved upon the face of the prairie.

Why, the very names of the Redskins breathed the free air that all men love! Fire-Cloud, Brave-Bear, Running-Ghost, Rain-in-the-Face, Sitting-Bull (a real man, who was killed quite lately!) and Thunder-coming-over-the-Hills—oh, the difference from Percy, Tom, and Albert! And then the names of even girls—Laughing-Water, Sweet-Voiced-Antelope, or Appearing-Day—not in the least like one's sisters Peg and Bess, poor things! whom one was quite ashamed to mention in virile society. What a series of glorious pictures all those names presented—pictures of the very best, the very quintessence of fine and adventurous life, surrounded by every element of delight and danger, from wild beasts, from enemies, from the hated White Man, and from the storms of heaven! There was something just right about it all, something that could not be bettered. Even if one had the making of the world oneself, it was a Red Indian world one would have made, and, looking upon it each evening, from the first day to the sixth, one would have seen that it was very good.

We suppose that most men have formed some conception of the highest human happiness—some possible or historic situation or condition of mind that no other bliss could surpass. One has sought it in an Egyptian queen, another in the conquest of a world, a third in the knowledge of the Milky Way and all the other stars. But none of those had ever read "The Dog Crusoe," or known the joy Dick Varley felt that day when he creased the mustang. Who recorded that supreme moment in man's felicity we have forgotten. We thought the his-

torian's name was Ballantyne, but on looking up "Ballantyne" in a biographical dictionary, we only find the author of a Sanscrit translation of the "Novum Organon," "which reached a second edition"—very unnecessarily, we should have thought. That cannot be the man. He never knew how Dick Varley creased the mustang, that noble animal destined for ever to bear the name of Charlie. It may be objected that Dick was not a Red Indian himself, and, unfortunately, that is true, for his name was not Path-finder, or Terror-of-the-Herd, as it should have been. But by his humble reverence for the Indian's craft, and by his own skill in confronting grizzly and bison, he almost reached the Indian's glory. What he did, even a white boy might hope to do some day, and, after all, one regards the demi-gods with a more human affection than the gods themselves. But, as we write, a mournful thought chills the words. Is it possible that some unhappy reader—some offspring of degenerate days—does not really know what creasing a mustang means? If that is so, the end and aim of a wise man's being is hidden from him for ever.

But, indeed, Nature has already shut her box, her last and finest present has been given, and there is no more noble savagery to delight the world. In "My Friend the Indian" (Constable), Mr. James McLaughlin now tells the death and burial of the redskin as we loved him. Mr. McLaughlin knew him well. For forty years he has been "agent" among the Sioux, and Indian Inspector for the United States Government. Here, speaking with us, we have a man who actually mixed with Red Indians, and lived their life in those days of incredible splendor when they still roamed the West, numerous as the buffaloes themselves, of which they would kill 5,000 out of 50,000 in two days' hunting, as Mr. McLaughlin himself witnessed. Certainly, even when he went among them first, while Europe was torn by the Franco-German War, they were being slowly driven from their hunting grounds, back from the Missouri Valley, back from Dakota into Montana. The long series of broken treaties, treacherous agreements and violated reservations, was already in full course. But still the Indians had to be reckoned with. Most of the West was theirs, and their last gallant struggles for existence were to come. It is all over now. In a single generation they have passed like the red cloud of sunset. Hardly a quarter of a million remain, unhappy, pauperised creatures, unworthily nourishing their inactivity upon the Government dole, their unlimited hunting grounds parcelled out among exploiting shareholders, their buffaloes preserved as extinct species in museums.

The finest animals of creation always vanish so. Eagles, lions, tigers, antelopes, and Red Indians—economists tell us they tend to disappear. It is a comfortable phrase, meaning that they cannot be enslaved. They are not what the philosopher called slaves by nature, and under the great exploiters of the world, who see no use in other beings except as slavish instruments for the production of their wealth, they tend to disappear. From start to finish the extinction of the Red Indian will have taken barely more than half a century. We suppose that, with the exception of the buffalo, no living species of such numbers has ever been extinguished with such rapidity, and all we can say in comfort is that at least he has fulfilled the proud boast that so many make in vain. He has really preferred death to slavery.

"There is no good Indian but a dead Indian," was General Sheridan's famous saying. It should be taken as a motto by every conqueror of a race that refuses to play the slave. But now all Red Indians, being dead, are good. With the Last of the Mohicans they have entered the happy hunting grounds of the mind, from which no greedy White Man can drive them out. There they may crease the mustang with an excitement new every morning. There they may chase innumerable buffaloes that, after the evening's slaughter, will revive afresh, ready for the morrow's hunting. There they may nose the imperceptible trail, and, leaping with savage yells upon the foe's encampment, may ply the quick scalping knife without fear and without reproach.

In one of his less-known poems Schiller has drawn a picture of the Red Man's burial. It concludes:—

"Lay the axe beneath his head
That he wielded strong,
And the flesh of bear, and bread,
For the way is long.

Lay the dagger, whetted keen,
That, from foeman's crown,
Quick, with just three strokes between,
Severed hair and bone.

Colors, too, to dye his skin
Lay beside his hand;
Red as flame he'll enter in
To the spirits' land."

Red as flame he has entered into the land of our spirit. There he roams the Indian Reservation of the soul, happy in perpetual boyhood, shy as a ghost, untameable as thunder coming over the hills, immortal in his hatred of all who would enslave him.

THE HONEY FLOW.

WHERE do all the bees come from? Yesterday they merely sauntered in and out the hive in ones or twos, as though it was scarcely worth while going out at all, for all the honey that was to be had. But to-day there is one continuous line of bees coming and going, the numerous dots flowing into a broad smudge like smoke, broadening and thinning till it is lost in the blue sky far out over the field. Yesterday we found parties of bees at work on a patch of rose-bay willow herb, on purple rocket, and on the tall spikes of erect veronica. Each blossom was tried several times over, till it had yielded the last drop of nectar, and many times a bee wasted time by licking at an empty cup. But to-day every bee is off to the same harvest-ground, where there are a thousand blossoms for every tongue, and every bloom has honey. They fill the crop in five minutes, or three, where they took twenty or thirty yesterday. Each bee leaves the hive six times as often in the hour as yesterday, and so it seems as though there were six times as many bees at work. Nor can we help thinking that bees that stayed at home when honey-searching was of little profit, have joined the excited throng now. Every one is for the harvest field, now that the honey flow has begun.

Ours is not a first-rate honey district. In fact, for one cause and another, this is the only honey flow we have had this season. Happier bee-keepers look forward to opening the year with fruit blossom in May, and to our mind there is not a more delicious honey than that of the apple blossom. When our pear blossom was open, cold weather fell and high winds came, and blew the petals off before the bees could take toll. Then came the hawthorn, and with its opening, another unpropitious time, and the bees have had to get a laborious living from colt's-foot, buttercup, and all sorts of miscellanies. It has been well noted that the hive bee, unlike its wild relatives, when it goes out to forage, continues on the flower it first selected. It is a labor-saving trick. Once you have got the exact knack of a clover blossom, you can go from one to another at increasing speed, landing at the same place, extending the tongue at the same moment to the same length, mechanically and easily, as a cotton girl tends a spindle. It pays the bee, and pays the flower, because by this means there is not all that mixing of foreign pollen that the humble bees and others make in their random, happy-go-lucky fashion. But the hive bee, like anyone else, can adapt herself to circumstances. When flowers of a kind are few and far between, it takes less time to try the blossoms as they come than to give strict attention to their botanical affinity. In the very early spring you will see bees going from crocus to Christmas rose, and even thence to the cold snowdrop, glad to get specks of nectar wherever they can be found. And in suburban gardens

their attentions are sometimes thus miscellaneous the summer through—until their particular honey flow comes.

The nature of the honey flow is usually notorious enough. If he has not anticipated it, the bee-keeper learns it from the color of his bees' pollen bundles. There is no greater delight than to watch the workers running in from the alighting-board with the rolled balls upon their thighs. The prevailing color is usually yellow, with here and there a flaming orange or, as it seems, a pure scarlet, to make you wonder where this bee has been. Last year, one bee in about ten thousand came home with bags of brilliant plum-purple, but we never found out where she got her burdens. Indigo pollen puzzled us for some time, but it was a frequent bundle, and therefore not difficult to trace. The pollen of the willow herb is of an indiscriminate whitish color till the ball is full, and then it takes on by accumulation this indigo hue. When the honey flow comes, the bee-keeper likes to see the bundles a grey that is almost black, for that bundle comes from the white clover, the favorite of all lowland honeys. Ours is not so, the white clover crop being slight in the district, and the little there is, apparently overlooked by the bees. The bees are all flocking to-day to the lime, and each one seems to have decorated her legs with a little round morsel of cream cheese.

They are running into the observatory hive four abreast, a stream that you would think must fill the hive in a few minutes, for somehow we do not notice at the same time a corresponding stream passing out. It is still more fascinating to watch them coming into the garden hive, through a mirror placed on the alighting board, for we can thus stand behind the hive and out of the line of flight of the bees. We can see them fall and stick, then run on as though there was no second to spare. In twos, and fours, and tens, they come with the visible signs of wealth on their thighs. It seems as though some munificent hand were tumbling all the wealth of the countryside into our money box. Just as in the observatory hive, but on a larger scale, cells are gleaming everywhere with honey. Bees are covering full cells with caps of exquisite whiteness. Some are hanging hand-in-hand for the production of more wax with which to fit walls to the flat foundations we have given them. Nurses are cramming happy grubs, or rather swimming them, in the food that they must eat for themselves in this busy place; others are urging on the queen to lay eggs for a still greater army to take advantage of the sweets that summer is providing so lavishly. Each one has her task, each task its bee, though everything is obviously ordered according to the willingness of each citizen to do the work that lies nearest.

Pollen nowadays is of little account. A week or two ago each forager had the greatest difficulty to get her burden safely into the cell. She ran a furious gauntlet through the nurses, hungering for pollen, and had to shake them off with a maze of dancing turns and twists. Now everyone knows where pollen can be had, and the foragers lose no time in ramming their bundles into a cell and starting off for more. Many bees have been so careless about pollen that they have not rolled it in bundles, but come home smeared with what the flowers have put there. Others have managed to get their honey without ball or dust. We do not see them now searching for pollen, as they did in March. It is an extra, deeply necessary, but so thrown at them by the flowers as to be not worth troubling about. The honey is the thing sought—the pollen is added unto them. Pollen will not keep except at the bottom of a honey cell. It is excellent summer provender, and without it neither can brood be raised, nor can summer work be sustained. There are always grains of it in the clearest honey, there by a kind of accident, and adding no little to its staminal qualities. To the solitary bee it is more important than honey because immediate eating by the young is the only question. If anyone has dug up the nest of an *Anthophora* whose grub has not hatched, and whose store of pollen has gone bad, he has never come upon greater nastiness of its size. This is manna which must be eaten

to-day, and the needs of the next day gathered to-morrow.

In their wise way our hive bees know all about the keeping of honey, and pollen too. The honey is not just bucketed and sealed, but fanned and warmed and cooled, fermented with the right, but not the wrong, fermentation, preserved with a dash of formic acid, and sealed just in the right condition. We hope there is joy in these chemical niceties, but surely there is joy in the gathering of the honey flow. The under sides of the green lime boughs are a mass of golden stars that beckon you from the sunshine into the indigo shadows, out of the dry sunlight into the moist fragrance of honey temples, out of what breezes may blow into a calm that is soon made musical with humming. Every leaf seems to have become a bell, a fuzzy bell that drones without clangor, that echoes with each stroke. It cannot have been "immemorial elms" in which was heard "the murmur of innumerable bees." The elm's wind blossoms are of February. There is no midsummer music to be compared to that of the lindens when the bees have got their blossoms. All the long morning and all the long afternoon they hum there as though there was nothing else than to sing to sleep the drone whose hammock is slung there. Unseen, each one slips away to the hive; unnoted, each empty one takes her place. Only the blossoms hang there all the time with their lazily offered golden reward.

Present-Day Problems.

THE FUTURE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(BY A PUBLIC SCHOOLMASTER.)

II.—THE MOST NEEDED REFORMS.

"IN my view, at least, national efficiency is likely to be best secured when a nation is governed by its fittest, strongest, and best educated classes."

Thus runs the concluding passage from a History of England, recently written with the design of making history attractive. The book has succeeded only too well in its undertaking, and the central idea of it agrees perfectly with the public schoolboy's idea that he and his kind are "the educated class" par excellence, and alone fitted to have anything to do with government. But if education means a widening of the sympathies and a thorough preparation for the civic and other duties of life, then the average public schoolboy is not educated. It is not merely a matter of the manipulation of curriculum. The present need is that education should be taken seriously. Some genuine attempt must be made to fulfil the ideal of Thring, that every individual boy should be taught thoroughly according to his needs. Now, in this matter it must be admitted that the public schools are not wholly, perhaps not even primarily, to blame. The fault lies quite as much with the universities and the private preparatory schools.

Modern sides have now become a very solid reality, and a genuine attempt is being made at the public schools to cope with the problem of their organisation. It is possible, however, that even here they are working under a misconception. For is it so certain that the antithesis of classical and modern is based on a true distinction? It is not sufficiently realised that all education should be modern in outlook and intention. Even ancient studies, when not so directed, are certain to become pedantic. The mistake is still made of identifying literary education too much with the study of the ancient languages, and it is inevitable that the "classical" bias should still spoil the balance of a boy's training, so long as the fetish of compulsory Greek holds its own at the Universities. This question has been so thoroughly discussed that there is no further use for argument. Now that a Conservative Chancellor of Oxford University has pronounced unreservedly against it, nothing remains but to apply something like the Veto legislation of the present Government to the constitutions of Oxford and Cambridge, which may leave them free to make the progress which they desire.

With the private schools it is different. What they are suffering from is the evil effect of commercial competition, which, whatever may be its advantages in the commercial world, is absolutely fatal to education. Elaborate window-dressing, pampering, and cramming for scholarships are the things which it pays a preparatory schoolmaster to cultivate, and there is too much temptation to cultivate them accordingly to the utter disregard of all true principles of education. There is, indeed, much excuse for him, for the stress of the struggle for existence leaves him little time to consider the things of the spirit. To what depths of squalor such a man has to descend can only be realised by those who have been admitted to the confidence of the owner of a proprietary school. The financial strain, the attempts of parents to beat down the charges, almost amounting to blackmail, a permanent disregard of the terminal bill—the tale is too pitiful; and that all this should be done in the name of Education!

The competitive element, moreover, affects the public schools, also, in so far as many are not able to keep up a proper entrance test in their anxiety to maintain numbers. Some schools, ranking high in reputation, have practically no test at all, with results equally disastrous for themselves and the preparatory schools. Most writers and commissions assume it as axiomatic that these offshoots of individual enterprise must be left untouched by the pruning-knife of the State, lest they lose their individuality, and be reduced to a monotonous and un-English sameness. For my own part, I am not prepared to advocate the extreme measure of making a complete State monopoly, both in ownership and conduct of schools; but I do think it extremely necessary to put them under some State control. It is true that, when the State initiates an entirely new system, it is apt to be rigidly uniform in type; but the same need not be true of the State control of existing institutions. In fact, it may quite easily be a source of diversity and originality.

Often perverse in their peculiarities, the schools of older foundation are unbending in many of their uniformities. The least that we can ask of private and "public" schools alike is that they should submit to regular and systematic inspection as a test of efficiency. Some public schools have, in deference to army schemes and such-like requirements, already admitted the inspector—in some cases, only to vow that never again should he cross their threshold. It is galling, indeed, to have the institutions, hallowed by the use of centuries, held up to criticism, but there can, at least, be no harm in such a hint as, "Other schools find such and such a method answers well; would it not be worth your while to try it?"

This minimum of public control should be the absolute condition of a licence to teach in all schools. It should be applied equally, whether they are in receipt of public money or not, and, if possible, their finances should be subject to some sort of supervision. Side by side with this requirement should stand the compulsory training of teachers. This is a matter which will not be taken seriously until it is required of all. At present, the public schoolmaster scoffs at the idea, because those who come with a certificate of training have sometimes obtained it in order to cover up deficiencies in their other qualifications, and are frequently a greater failure than many of the untrained. Now, it stands to reason that there are many points, even in such matters as discipline, which are common to all experience, and can be impressed on a beginner to the avoidance of much waste and not a few unnecessary failures, especially if he begins to practise under proper supervision. But even more essential than this is to require that he should have thought about the principles of his profession before he enters it, and have thereby given some guarantee that he is in earnest about it, and is not drawn to it by the inducement of long holidays, or opportunities for athletics, or some profitable hotel-keeping towards the evening of life. A teacher should, at least, become aware that a science of education does exist, even if in embryo.

Then, some modification is desirable in the govern-

ment of schools. No one who compares the sayings of headmasters in conference with their doings at school could regard them as a competent body, and that they are not more competent is largely the fault of the governing bodies who appoint them.

These often consist of magnates whose names look well on a prospectus, but who cannot possibly be in proper touch with the institutions which they control. They do not always know the needs of the schools, and their ideal is to set over them some respectable, colorless person with a decent degree, who will keep things going, and do nothing in particular. The position of the assistant, too, needs further strengthening—not so much in respect of tenure; the recent Act of Parliament has accomplished a useful reform in that direction. But the spirit of the Act must be carried further by regarding headmaster and assistants more as co-operators, with varying degrees of responsibility, than in the light of an employer and his underlings. The part which the assistant staff take in the organisation and management of other matters than those of the individual classroom varies very much in different schools. It is obviously absurd to require high degrees and qualifications in a man whose allotted task is no more than to teach a junior form. In practically all matters of administration, a headmaster can profitably make use of the advice and assistance of committees of his colleagues. Summary discipline may be a possible exception, but there are educational institutions, which could be named, where even questions of discipline are adjudicated by a small committee. The metaphor of the captain on his quarter-deck is sometimes held to be the final and sufficient answer to such suggestions, but the analogy of naval or military customs is not to the point. Schools are the only civil institutions where untempered autocracy and the barrack system commonly go unquestioned, and even they must make some accommodation to more modern ideas.

Lastly (and this is another point where Government might intervene with advantage), we need a federation of headmasters, which is not merely content to pass academic resolutions, but has some obligation to carry them out. In other words, the Headmasters' Conference must cease to be a majestic but inoperative aristocracy, and resolve itself into a practical body which means business.

Such is the skeleton of reform, which, short of the complete remodelling of the higher educational system, the public schools must be required to accept. It is easy to criticise them, but easier to overpraise them; and the few criticisms that have been attempted in these lines must find their justification in this fact. For in the midst of the summer scene, where the bodily prowess of youth is displayed in a setting of nature at her loveliest, it is easy to forget that here is too ready a seed-ground for social snobbery along with its almost invariable concomitant of intellectual Philistinism.

Letters from Abroad.

THE ANNIHILATION OF FRENCH RADICALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—M. Briand made a brilliant speech in the Chamber yesterday (Monday). Report in Paris has it that the speech was delivered a day earlier than had been intended, to oblige the King of Bulgaria, who had expressed a wish to hear the accomplished orator. In any case the King was among M. Briand's audience, and the royal ears must have been gratified by an edifying defence of "law and order," delivered with the zeal of a recent convert. If proof were needed, the speech would have shown that M. Briand is the most astute politician in France. It was in the main an appeal to the Centre in the widest sense of the term, that is to say, to the Conservative instincts of the French *bourgeoisie*, and it was received with enthusiasm by all

the moderate elements in the Chamber, including the less *intransigent* portion of the Right. But, when one reads it in cold print, one is amazed to find how little M. Briand has committed himself in any direction. Nearly every declaration it contains is open to more than one interpretation. Hence, no doubt, the approval that the speech receives this morning in the most diverse quarters. The "Action," the "Aurore," the "Petit République," and even the "Dépêche de Toulouse" hail the firm Republican and *laïque*, whose language *ne prête à aucune équivoque*; the "Echo de Paris," and the "Eclair" (one of the most clerical of papers) are distinctly friendly; the "Gaulois," official champion of the throne and the altar, is scarcely less so; as for the "Figaro" and the "République Française," organs of the *grande bourgeoisie* and of plutocratic conservatism, their praises are lyrical. The latter paper declares that M. Briand has spoken "*en grand homme d'état*."

Decidedly M. Briand has *une bonne presse*; the "Rappel" and the "Humanité" are almost the only discordant voices in the chorus of praise. Possibly twenty-four hours' reflection may raise doubts in some minds as to whether the approval of Conservatives, Royalists, and Clericals is exactly a compliment to the chief of a supposed Radical Government, but I doubt it. The Radical party is in so complete a state of chaos and disorganisation that it is incapable of a firm stand. M. Briand showed his appreciation of that fact by the way in which he flouted his Radical supporters. M. Clemenceau, in his most dictatorial mood, never treated them with such exalted disdain. M. Briand made no pretence of being their representative. The only terms on which he will condescend to accept their support are that they acknowledge him as their master. "Chef de l'armée, je ne veux pas laisser mes soldats mettre au pillage la place conquise." "My" soldiers! The phrase savors rather of a Napoleon than of the Minister of a Republic.

So far as it is possible to extract any definite pronouncements from M. Briand's cleverly ambiguous phrases, it would seem that he is prepared to throw over a considerable, and not the least important, part of the Radical programme. The Income Tax is to be shorn of its "inquisitorial" elements, that is to say, it is to be made impossible. State employees are not to be given the liberties that they demand, and that they already enjoy in England; yet a *statut de fonctionnaires* which denied them the right to combine would only make their position worse than at present. The socialisation of certain industries, anticipated the other day by M. Briand's own Minister of Finance, is not part of the Government programme. Although "liberty for all" is the invariable text of M. Briand's discourses, demonstrations of the working-classes are to be suppressed more ruthlessly than ever. We have already had an example of the Ministerial policy in the last regard on Sunday, when a procession of some two thousand men and women, returning from a funeral, was declared to be "an armed force marching on Paris," and charged by cavalry, with the result that at least a hundred persons, including women and children, were injured, in some cases seriously. The accounts of papers so unfavorable to working-class organisations as the "Matin" leave no room for doubt as to the brutality of the soldiers and the police. The cavalry charged harmless people spending their Sunday afternoon on the fortifications, and the police entered cafés and assaulted the inmates. One woman was so terrified that she threw her child from a window on an upper floor. Fortunately it was caught by someone in the street. It is not a pleasing inauguration of a régime of liberty, although it has given the utmost satisfaction to that stalwart for freedom, the "Temps."

From any point of view, the present political situation is unsatisfactory. It has long been evident that party divisions in France need to be re-arranged. The efforts of the Alliance Démocratique to form a strong Republican Conservative Party, by a union between the moderate Radicals and the Centre, were all to the good. It is to be regretted that they were not more successful. Neither the advanced nor the moderate section of the Radical Party has had the courage to break with the

other; the former knows that, even with Socialist support, it would not at present have a majority; the latter fears possible dependence on reactionary support. Had M. Briand taken, before the election, a definite line in one direction or the other, he might have cleared the air. If the majority of the Chamber is for moderation, by all means have a moderate Government, a Ministry of the *Centre gauche*, but let it be known as what it is. Such a Government would be opposed by the Socialists and advanced Radicals on the one hand, and by the reactionaries on the other, and, if both the Oppositions combined on any occasion, its majority might be small. But everyone would know where he was. As it is, M. Briand has, apparently with intent, made confusion worse confounded. In ordinary circumstances, a Government propounds a policy and a programme, which the country accepts or rejects; there was no definite policy or programme before the country at the recent elections. And, after the elections, the Government took the novel course of collecting statistics of the opinions expressed by the successful candidates, in order to discover what its programme should be. Such a course has certain merits as a method of assurance for office-holders. But it does not suggest a Ministry of convictions, nor is it in agreement with accepted views as to the functions of a Government.

Probably nothing but an effective method of proportional representation will restore sincerity to French politics. For that reason, the Government will have the support of nearly all parties if it presses forward electoral reform. Certainly, the measure which is at present proposed will not satisfy the supporters of proportional representation. In all probability it would make the representation much less proportional to the strength of the various parties than it is under the present system. But it has already been announced that the Government will be as accommodating in this regard as in many others; probably the measure will be issued from a Commission in a much altered form. Meanwhile, the career of M. Briand as Prime Minister is one to be watched with interest, not unmixed with anxiety, by friends of the French Republic.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, June 28th, 1910.

P.S.—The unexpected happened on Wednesday night. A vote of confidence in the Government was carried by 404 against 121. Earlier in the day the Radicals had tried to pluck up a little courage, but the divisions in their ranks were more patent than ever. The Socialist-Radical group was almost equally divided. A motion of M. Thalamas that the group should move no resolution in the Chamber (amounting to opposition to the Government) was rejected by the narrow majority of seven. Finally a form of resolution was agreed upon which, while abstaining from expressing approval of the Ministerial declaration, affirmed confidence in the Government. The Radical group accepted an almost identical text. Nobody could have supposed that M. Briand would have accepted so ambiguous a formula, and, in fact, he announced in the Chamber that the Government would accept no resolution but that proposed by the moderate groups of the Left, which affirmed absolute confidence in the Government and approval of the declaration. Thereupon M. Berteaux, on behalf of the Socialist-Radicals, willing to wound but afraid to strike, implored M. Briand to give his friends some excuse for voting for him. M. Briand declared that he had no intention of including the Centre in the Ministerial majority, and that he would resign unless he had a majority of the Left. M. Berteaux declared himself perfectly satisfied, and the comedy ended. Not, however, before M. Aynard, representing the most conservative section of the Centre, had made an amusing speech full of biting irony, in which he said that his friends declined to be excluded from the majority, and were entirely satisfied with M. Briand's speech of Monday. The minority against the Government was composed of 74 Socialists, five Independent Socialists, eight Radicals, and 34 deputies of the Right. There were 47 abstentions, 23 Radicals, seven Independent Socialists, two Republicans of the Left, four

Progressives, and eleven deputies of the Right. The majority was composed of the bulk of the Left, the whole of the Centre with the four exceptions mentioned, and a considerable number of the Right. It is *l'apaisement* with a vengeance. No Prime Minister during the last thirty years could boast of so composite a majority. M. Briand has scored a great personal triumph, and annihilated the Radical party.

Communications.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The attempt to push forward a Women's Suffrage Bill has drawn attention to the general question of the use of spare Parliamentary time. Apart altogether from controversial measures, one may naturally ask why some of the time now at the disposal of Parliament should not be used to pass a number of minor, but still important, social reforms. To the onlooker from outside, the thing seems simple enough. Here is a House of Commons which, for more than a week after its recent reassembling, rose every night before, and sometimes long before, the normal hours of business were over. On the other hand, there is a considerable number of measures which are only partly controversial, if controversial at all. Some stand in the Order Book of the House as private members' Bills; others are in the pigeon-holes of public departments. A brief reference to some of them will show what a wide field of possible social reform is being neglected. There is the Bill introduced by Mr. A. F. Whyte to provide that some kind of physical training shall be given in every elementary school. Mr. J. H. Whitehouse has a Bill to prevent the arbitrary eviction of workpeople from their homes in the course of a strike, where the available house accommodation is all under the control of the employers. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill of Mr. Burgoyne is a carefully framed measure, which would strike a heavy blow at the iniquitous "white slave traffic." At present the powers of the police are insufficient to check the worst offenders, who carry on the work of procuring women and girls for purposes of prostitution, draw large profits from the capital invested in the business, and snap their fingers at the law. There is also the Milk and Dairies Bill of Mr. Courthope. This measure is one of peculiar urgency since the control of the milk supply is admittedly insufficient, and the attempt to deal with it piecemeal by giving varying powers to different boroughs has not only failed to solve the problem, but has created a new and unnecessary grievance among the farmers. The milk control clauses in the recent London County Council Bill were struck out by a small majority, on the understanding that the agricultural members would support a Bill dealing with the country as a whole. Mr. Courthope's Bill has been introduced in pursuance of this undertaking, and while it would need to be strengthened in some particulars, it certainly provides the framework for an adequate system of control. Meanwhile, the Local Government Board hesitates either to take up this Bill or to introduce its own, and the rate of infantile mortality is kept up by the ravages of tuberculous and dirty milk.

There are other subjects which, while no private member's Bill is on the Order Book, are yet ripe for immediate treatment, and on which the consent of both parties might be obtained except as regards details. One of these is the limitation of street trading for boys under seventeen. The measure is resisted by some, though by no means all, of the owners of halfpenny newspapers; but it has the support of every one who has worked among boys in the poorer districts, and who knows the daily and hourly demoralisation for which this kind of employment is responsible. Lastly, there is the question of the control of the feeble-minded. On this point we have the recommendations of the Royal Commission which reported two years ago, and it is one of the subjects on which the majority of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law agree with the minority. It must be admitted that the reform needed is a far-reaching one. It involves a considerable outlay on buildings, and a readjustment of

the financial relations between the State and local authorities, owing to the transference of the whole of this particular work from the latter to the former. But seeing that there is no dispute as to the principle of the scheme, it ought surely to be possible to make some advance towards a settlement. The magnitude of the evil to which our present lax system gives rise is apparent to everyone who does not choose to shut his eyes to the facts. The work of bodies such as the Eugenic Society is making those facts known to an ever-widening circle of students. While Parliament waits, and respectable people plead that we suffer from "too much legislation," feeble-minded women are going in and out of the workhouse and bearing illegitimate children to grow up (in the words of a high authority) "imbeciles, or degenerates, or criminals." It may be said of all the matters here referred to that, while every one of them requires prompt handling, they would cause no party controversy, and that they would not excite enough public attention to divert the popular mind from those few outstanding questions on which leading politicians desire to focus it. Why, then, is nothing done? As a matter of fact, the difficulties are greater than the general public imagines. It is worth while to consider what they are, for the problem is a perennial one and will not be allowed to rest.

In the first place, twenty full Parliamentary days are allotted by the Standing Orders exclusively to Supply, and are thus rendered useless for the purposes of legislation. Then there is the not unnatural slackness of Members of Parliament who have gone through the laborious and exhausting work of last year, and who consider themselves entitled to a somewhat easier session. The new Member who protests against the early rising of the House is greeted with a pitying smile, and told that he will soon get over his impatience. Again, the interval caused by the King's death, and by the exceptional circumstances of a political crisis suddenly interrupted, has given rise to a more than usual lassitude and uncertainty.

But behind all this there is a more fundamental difficulty. The opposition in the House of Commons does not desire hard work, nor does it desire a crop of Liberal legislation, even though it be uncontroversial. This gives rise to obstruction, and the habit of obstruction grows, even when its rational basis has disappeared. What happens is that the Opposition make a tacit offer to the Government which may be expressed in some such terms as these: "If you will not insist on any more business being taken than is absolutely necessary, we will not obstruct it, and you shall have early risings and friendly debates. But if you put down any other measures, we will not only obstruct those, but we will also obstruct the necessary business. The result is that you will get nothing more done than you do now, and you will have to sit longer and work harder to get it." This is not the place to go into the whole problem of House of Commons procedure, the use of Obstruction and Closure, or the possibility of a Standing Committee of Procedure to allot time for the different subjects. As things now stand, it is surely the wisest policy to try and carry some of the measures here discussed, and, if obstruction follows, to place the blame on the right shoulders.—Yours, &c.,

LIBERAL M.P.

June 27th, 1910.

RUSSIA AND THE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is little doubt that the keen interest shown in England and France in the fate of Finland has made the Russian Government somewhat delay carrying out its projects and so-called "reforms," but anyone who studies Russian politics closely cannot fail to perceive that this delay is only temporary, and that the final blow, which will make Finland, to all intents and purposes, a Russian Government, cannot be much longer delayed.

The danger is so imminent that even the old Finne—that is, the party which has hitherto countenanced Russia's policy in Finland—have become alarmed, for they perceive that the Russian Government is not confining itself solely to Imperial problems, but is bent, not only on doing away with the liberties of their country, but violating the funda-

mental laws of the Finnish constitution; or, in the words of the "Nya Pressen," the "Times" of Finland, Finland is to be placed on the same footing as any Russian "Government."* This is to be seen from the resolution concerning the election of Duma representatives, according to which the whole of Finland was to choose four deputies, whilst another deputy was to represent the Russian population of the country. The total impression made by the proposal of Privy Councillor Dietrich, one of the principal members of the Russian Finnish Committee, is that Finland shall be placed on the level of a Russian province.

What is more painful is the circumstance that the small measure of freedom which the Finnish Diet retains is only acknowledged as regards outward appearance, for even questions pertaining to its special province may be decided by the Imperial legislative institutions at any moment. Disguise the truth as we may, the fact remains that Russia has finally decided to make Finland, to all intents and purposes, a Russian province, and place the Finns on a par with the unfortunate inhabitants of the Baltic provinces, who, little by little, have had their liberties filched away from them. Now that the revolutionary and progressive parties have been put down, the present reactionary Government feels itself strong enough to put an end to the so-called Finnish "malcontents" for all time. The knife is already at the throat of the victim, and any day may be driven home. There will then be one free and constitutionally governed State the less in the North, and Russia's way to the Atlantic will be open to her, if she should wish to move westward, instead of eastward, which she probably will do, now her power on the Pacific is shattered, perhaps, for all time.

Now, the conversion of Finland into a Russian province, like Archangel or Vologda, will bring Russia within twenty miles' distance of the Atlantic, and it is perhaps this very circumstance, more than a desire to bring a hornet's-nest about her ears in Finland, which is at the bottom of this sudden and persistent desire to Russianise Finland and garrison it with Russian troops as far as Abo, Vasa, and Uleaborg. Now, these towns, in the event of Russia's further movement westwards, would be the base of her operations against the Scandinavian peninsula. This suspicion may involve an injustice to the Russian Foreign Office, but, after the activity of Russia last year in the Baltic, and her repeated attempts to bottle up the Gulf of Bothnia and the Gulf of Finland, by converting the Aland Isles into a second Gibraltar, one may be pardoned for suspecting that all this activity in Finland is not solely dictated by the desire of Russianising the Finns, making the most loyal of her subjects rebels, and turning the only country where the late Czar could pass his summers in peace into a land of discontent, hatred, and incipient revolt.

Who has not heard of Russia's intrigues in Northern Norway, which were nipped in the bud by the treaty of Stockholm in 1855, by which England and France guaranteed to protect the coasts of Sweden and Norway from invasion? Though England and France are the unofficial allies and bankers of Russia, it does not mean that Russia has abandoned her designs, either in the Persian Gulf or in the North of Scandinavia.

Russia, England, France, and Germany, by the new treaty, which has abrogated the treaty of 1855, now guarantee the integrity of Norway. That England, France, and Germany should do this is quite comprehensible; but that Russia, who covets the open-water ports of Northern Norway, should also guarantee the integrity of that country, after she has broken all the agreements that bound her to respect the autonomy, laws, and liberties of Finland, seems farcical, if not ridiculous. Her last attempt to seize or incorporate the Government of Wiborg shows that the Russian Government is not bound by oaths, promises, or by treaties, when she thinks her imperial interests or pet schemes of expansion are endangered.

If we quietly permit this policy of trampling on the liberties of free States to continue, then the day is not far distant when similar attempts will be made on the liberties of the other free States of Northern Europe. Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Holland are all threatened by the growing might of Germany and Russia. If this policy of

* A "Goobernaja" is a Government, or Province, autocratically ruled by a Governor-General.

converting Finland into a Russian province is carried out in its entirety, we may well fear what will happen to Sweden and Norway, especially when the present buffer State of Finland is thrown down, and Russia's base of operations against the North is no longer Petersburg, hundreds of miles from the Atlantic, but Three Empire Point. This place is only sixteen miles off the Lyngen Fiord, in Norway, and is connected with Uleaborg, a Russian garrison town, by means of a railway between that town and Torneo, in direct railway communication with St. Petersburg and Helsingfors, whence troops could be dispatched, at any moment, with ten times greater ease than they were sent to Manchuria, 6,000 miles distant from Russia's chief base of operations.

The temptation of Russian statesmen will then be to seize the entire North of Norway, from the Lyngen Fiord northwards to the Varanger Fiord, part of which Russian historians claim belong to them, and not to Norway. An excuse to move westward can always be found when Russia decides to make another move to the ocean. Now that her attempts to reach the Pacific have been frustrated by the Japanese, there is an obvious motive for Russia to recoup herself in the extreme North of Europe or in Persia.—Yours, &c.,

A FORMER ENGLISH RESIDENT IN FINLAND.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your leader last week you referred to a proposal that the Veto policy might be qualified by the condition that a second General Election should be necessary before measures, rejected by the Lords, should pass. You regarded this proposal as a conceivable outcome of the Conference now sitting. And, while you did not support it, you added that "it is probable that there are Liberals to be found who would listen to some such proposition."

I should like to say at once that I can discover no foundation whatever for the idea that such a proposal would receive Liberal support. On the contrary, among a large number of Liberals with whom I have spoken during the last day or two, the mere suggestion, coming from you, has caused something like consternation.

Liberals are in a difficult position owing to the protracted length of the Conference. They have loyally endeavored to abstain from saying anything which might embarrass the Conference in its deliberations; and, even if they wished to express their opinions, the want of information would prevent them from doing so in any definite form. At the same time, some of them are beginning to fear that their silence may be taken for a kind of general consent to the sacrifice of some part of our claims.

It is as well to emphasise the fact that their silence means nothing of the kind.

As regards the particular proposal to which I have referred, it would meet with the most strenuous opposition in many quarters. Without entering into the arguments against it, I would express the hope that our negotiators will keep themselves in close touch with the opinion of their followers, and will not imagine that any countenance could be given by Liberals to an abandonment of the main points of our declared and adopted policy.—Yours, &c.,

C. RODEN BUXTON, M.P.

June 29th, 1910.

[In mentioning the scheme to which Mr. Buxton refers, we stated the objections to it, which, like him, we regard as fatal.—ED. NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It can be no matter of surprise that different sections of the Press and of the public regard with very mixed feelings the Conference between the leaders of the great political parties on the subject of the differences between the two Houses. Newspapers, like individuals, do

not quite know what to say to it, as it is more or less of a novelty in our public life. Will you permit me to say a few words in hearty welcome of the proposal?

In the leading article in a recent number of *THE NATION*, entitled "The Risks of the Round Table," the writer says that "its decisions, if it arrived at any, would have no power to bind the House of Lords, the House of Commons, or the Tory, Liberal, Nationalist, or Labor Parties." Literally speaking, that must be granted; but it should also be borne in mind that its decisions, "if it arrived at any," would have all the weight of authority, backed by all the weight of commonsense, as the only practical solution to a great and fundamental question.

The mere fact that the leaders of the two great parties agreed to meet in Conference is an excellent thing in itself, indicative of a new and very sadly-needed note in practical politics. After all, everybody will admit that far too much very precious time is mis-spent in the House of Commons in endless discussions and bickerings, with the inevitable result that less work is being done, and less ground is being covered than might be and ought to be. Every earnest citizen must surely welcome a development that holds out a reasonable hope of clearing Parliamentary procedure of its superfluous elements, and thereby conserving to its best uses the legislative and curative machinery of the State.

It is a patent fact that, in the long run, every great measure emerges from its Parliamentary treatment as a compromise between the views of the great contending parties; and if such a compromise can be effected without the frittering away of valuable months, then surely we should all welcome the means of securing such a boon.

The most remarkable feature of the Conference is that it appears to have been the suggestion of the new Monarch. If this really is so, King George has not been slow in showing that he is a personality to be reckoned with in the life of the nation, and that he is not merely a decorative figurehead. English Parliamentary life has long been in need of a strong hand to hold in check the extravagant exuberances for which both parties deserve the censure of posterity in equal doses. That such a strong hand should be the new Monarch's is a matter upon which both the King and the nation may safely be congratulated. The King who said "Wake up! England!" evidently does not mean to let her sleep!

The Conference is, perhaps, open to criticism on another ground. Theoretically speaking, it seems to be a step in the direction of oligarchy, and away from democracy; but, I venture to assert, only in theory. Because, by the very meaning of the terms, the leaders of the great fundamental parties in the House of Commons are representative of the corresponding parties in the nation; and, instead of oligarchy, it might, perhaps, be more aptly described as condensed democracy. Anyhow, a Round Table Conference is a commonsense way of dealing with a great controversial issue, and it bids fair to bring peace where it seemed that there would be strife; and (it may be as well to add) peace upon precisely the same terms as would eventually be reached. For these reasons, it is to be hoped that the Conference will be heartily approved by the nation, and that it may prove to be but the forerunner of a new and much-needed policy of practical commonsense in the deliberations of the Mother of Parliaments.

With apologies for this long intrusion upon your space.
—Yours, &c.,
London, E.C.

MAURICE MILLER.

June 25th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You rightly say that any satisfactory issue of the Conference must be a simple one. Schemes such as the Referendum and the Reform of the House of Lords open up interminable controversies, but are most to be dreaded, in my judgment, on the purely practical ground of their cost. Where is the money to come from to fight properly what are practically additional General Elections? Who is to pay for the Referendum campaign, or even for a Senators' election for Yorkshire, on the Liberal side? The threatened interests and Tariff Reformers would flood the country with money, and we should be done.

Is there a simple solution which avoids these dangers and reasonably safeguards the supremacy of the House of

Commons? I think there is. Suppose that in case of a deadlock between the two Houses on legislation (I assume that finance will be otherwise settled) the final decision were referred to a conference between the House of Commons and 150 members of the House of Lords, elected by proportional representation.

This practically means that (at the worst) a majority of 100 in the Commons would have full legislative power. This is perhaps all we can fairly ask in respect of important legislation, and is not open to the one plausible and substantial objection to the Veto Bill, viz., that it gives unchecked power to a bare majority in the Commons, which may conceivably only represent a minority of votes.

With this arrangement it would be a matter of indifference to us whether the constitution of the House of Lords were altered or not. Personally, I should prefer they should stay as they are, and so, I imagine, would most of the peers. By this plan they would all retain their position and functions, modified only by what has always (until lately) been well understood, viz., that they would give way to a substantial majority in the Commons.

As a matter of practice, the joint conference would seldom meet, for the Lords would know when they had to give way.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. R.

Scarborough, June 19th, 1910.

"THE PARTING OF THE WAYS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that your correspondence columns will show how far the sentiments of the writer of "The Parting of the Ways," in your issue of the 25th inst., are those of modern Liberals.

As Liberal workers, also, we find them so unpalatable that we venture to ask a little of your space in which to examine "A Liberal Worker's" position.

His general attitude may be stated, shortly, thus:—"There is a crisis; therefore the Liberal Party must shed one of its wings, the Left or the Right—the Liberal-Labor or the Whig." Was ever a more preposterous deduction drawn? "There is a crisis, therefore break your ranks." At first sight, the temptation is to say, "Some enemy hath done this."

"To thine own self be true," quotes "Liberal Worker," but he omits the whole point of Polonius's maxim:—

"And it doth follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The whole duty of true-hearted Liberals at this crisis is to avoid falsity towards their leaders. It is the only honorable course. Those to whom we have entrusted the direction of affairs have decided that a conference must be entered upon, and it behoves us, as the rank and file, to strengthen their hands by our unwavering support. We are not expressing an individual opinion when we say that the nation, as a whole, welcomes this respite for a period from rancorous party strife, and is not without an earnest hope that a private exchange of views may lead to a statesmanlike settlement of a profoundly difficult problem. Extremists will not win the day. There are two sides to the question, and the medium through which our opponents' political light flows may be distorted, but it is not wholly opaque.

Again, what weight is to be attached to a criticism of the Right wing, when the worst that the critic can say is that the present exponents of the older Liberal principles are the sons of Liberals—a heinous crime of which we, too, alas! are guilty—for the whole gravamen of the charge on this count is that the Liberalism of these men is hereditary, and, therefore, somewhat different in quality from the ready-made article of to-day—that "Newest Liberalism" which so profoundly despises yesterday, and makes haste to brew trouble for to-morrow.

Then, with regard to the "other side of the picture," a too cheerful optimism has persuaded the writer that "all the truest friends it (the Liberal Party) has sit on the Left"—that is, in his view, Labor is a supporter of Liberalism, whereas it would be nearer the truth to say that Labor is perfectly willing to exploit Liberalism, but to support it—never!

It may be, Sir, that that drastic surgery which hews

off the right hand in the hour of crisis—and Liberalism's Right Wing may not unfairly be called its right hand too—is the normal method of the "Newest Liberals," as it has been that of the oldest revolutionaries, but some of us believe that Liberalism has a work to do, which calls for the performance of less flamboyant deeds, and for the practice of gentle arts, and chief among them the gentle art of unflinching loyalty.—We are, yours, &c.,

DUUMVIRI.

North Norfolk,
June 30th, 1910.

THE EDUCATIONAL EIRENICON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—I have so much respect for the good intentions of Mr. Harvey and his committee that I cannot let this correspondence develop into personal comment and recrimination. Therefore, I will say nothing about the points he makes against me personally. Let us return to the argument.

The issue I raised is clear and profound. My theory is that "educational peace" should mean peace *inside the school*, even though some outside interests are wounded; and my assertion was that Mr. Harvey's scheme would bring wounds inside the school, in order that outside interests may have peace, outside. I pass by all other points, because they sink into insignificance beside the revolution which Mr. Harvey proposes as regards the organisation, discipline, curriculum, and control of the ordinary Council school (transferred schools are another matter). I tried to suggest the appalling effect of this revolution in the last paragraph of my letter, and this Mr. Harvey dismisses airily, in a phrase, with a tribute to my "power of imagination." He has compelled me to read that paragraph again and again. I find no "imagination" in it; it is brief, and perhaps graphic, but within those limits it is a dull statement of obvious facts. During the past week I have received letters from all parts of the country, thanking me for it, and not a word from anyone, not even from Mr. Harvey, controverting a single line of it. Therefore, although it was written hurriedly, and might be much improved in literary form, I would submit that paragraph and Mr. Harvey's "scheme," side by side, to any body of teachers, school managers, parents, or even the man-in-the-street, and confidently ask, "Which is peace?"

I will only trouble you with one other point, and this also is fundamental. In nearly all other countries different religious denominations are grouped, to a large extent, in different areas (such as the Catholic South and the Protestant North in Ireland; I believe that in Ireland the great majority of the schools are, quite naturally, entirely Catholic or entirely Protestant, according to the locality, and that the mixed school is the exception). But in England the denominations are so intermingled that there is hardly a school in the land, not even in the smallest village, which does not contain members of two or three denominations. This is the bed-rock fact of the religious problem in English education; and Mr. Harvey is hopelessly out of perspective when he dreams of founding a national system on "schools where dissentients are unknown, and which really correspond to a definite [denominational] choice on the part of [all] the parents concerned." The Jews have Jewish schools, but the vast majority of the Jew children are in Council schools; the Catholics have Catholic schools, but many (I believe a majority, but there are no reliable statistics) Catholics are in other schools; whilst there is hardly a Catholic school which does not contain Protestants (often a very large proportion); and if this is true of the extreme cases of Catholic and Jew, it is much more true of Anglican, Wesleyan, Moravian, Baptist, and other denominational schools. The school in which all the scholars, teachers, managers are devotedly attached to one creed are so few that, in devising a national system, they are only of interest as exceptions; to be treated as such with consideration and generosity.

Mr. Harvey has dreams and theories, and erects pretty and ingenious fabrics upon them; but the hard facts are that the schools of England are, and must be, schools of

mixed denominations; and the true problem of "educational peace" is how to maintain religious peace and educational efficiency inside a school of mixed denominations. Let Mr. Harvey and his friends begin again on that basis.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MUNDELLA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Mundella, in his letter to *THE NATION* of June 18th on the Educational Eirenicon, says that "the present law freed from the shackles which make its operation difficult is enough." Will Mr. Mundella be good enough to state *how* the present law freed from its shackles is enough for the purpose of solving the problem of the single school area? My own county furnishes a good example of the kind of problem to be solved. There are in the County Council area 335 elementary schools, only thirty-nine of which are Council schools. In parish after parish, with but few exceptions, the only available school is one belonging to the Church of England. The estimated cost of teachers' salaries payable by the County authority is some £90,000 a year. Although every penny of this amount is public money, the destination of by far the larger proportion of it is determined, not by the representatives of the public, but by the representatives of the Church of England, who decide who shall, and who shall not, receive it in the shape of salaries. Under such conditions a Wiltshire teacher who is not a member of the Church of England can have but a very slender chance of appointment to the headship in a school in his own village or even in his own county.

Sooner or later such a state of things must be altered, but can the present law put it right?

It is easy to say, "build a Council school in every single school area," but no one acquainted with the conditions of local government in country districts can suppose that such a course is generally possible. The increasing burden of local expenditure would alone be a sufficient obstacle. I believe it is thought by some that the majority of village schools are so badly built and so ill-suited for their purpose that a great scheme of rebuilding by means of Parliamentary grants could be justified on these grounds alone. But my own observations lead to the conclusion that it is in the towns, and not in the villages, that the worst school buildings are to be found. The village school rarely suffers from the want of a playground or from being shut in by surrounding buildings. It is much more capable of improvement and is, of necessity, of more simple construction and less likely to get out of date. Therefore, on economic grounds, it is very difficult to justify a large building scheme financed by Parliamentary grants, more especially at a time when money is urgently needed for pressing social reforms. For these reasons it is most desirable that every endeavor should be made to utilise existing buildings on terms that are fair, not only to those who maintain the school carried on in them, but also to the body to which the buildings belong. But for this purpose, is the present law (which recognises but one type of Council school, and that a severely restricted one) enough?—Yours, &c.,

E. L. ANSTIE.

Devizes, June 29th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. Harvey's letter in your issue of the 11th inst. with regard to the proposed educational concordat.

Assuming that the state of affairs proposed by the committee would, on the whole, be an improvement, the chief point in considering the proposals—I write from a Non-conformist standpoint, and it would, no doubt, apply equally to our Church of England friends—seems to me to be: are they such as we can accept without sacrificing any bed-rock principle?

I do not think Mr. Harvey is sufficiently explicit—and naturally he could not go into every detail—as to what precise meaning the committee would attach to "common religious instruction in the Bible," and also "the principles of the Christian religion." What are the principles of the Christian religion? If you attempt a definition, do you not immediately find you are producing discord instead of union? And is it possible to teach the "principles of the Christian religion," as generally understood, without intro-

ducing theology and dogma? Personally, I should be quite satisfied to go to the Founder of the Christian religion and take "Love to God" and "Love to man" as the principles to be inculcated. But would the Conciliation Committee be satisfied with this, or would they want to add dogmatic teaching? They could not do this without wounding the consciences of some of those who are called on to contribute to the education rate, and so the difficulty would remain.

Further, can Mr. Harvey explain what he means by a "common religious instruction in the Bible"? It is apparently quite possible that there would be as many different curricula as Religious Instruction Committees, and it is certain that, in some cases at any rate, the teaching would not be such as would be quite "void of offence" from some point of view.

There is still too much confusion in the speech and minds of many between "religion" and "theology," and until we realise that the two are frequently wide as the poles apart, and effectually clear our thinking from the confusion that so often prevails, we shall be in danger of bringing about a "settlement" which is no settlement at all.

For, of course, no arrangement can be more than temporary which is founded on injustice to any section of the community.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD COVENTRY.

1, Hamilton Road, New Brighton,
June 15th, 1910.

UNPRODUCTIVE EXPENDITURE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read with great interest your article on "Some Evils of the Civil List," but I was especially struck with the remark, "Court establishments . . . are looked upon as the master-key to the opening of the door of employment," and the indication that they are "no longer" regarded as "unproductive."

In this you have the crux of the difference between modern and sound economics, and the fundamental cause of the poverty in which a large part of the nation is sunk. It is now believed that the real benefactor of his species is he who spends and consumes, not he who produces. You will find it in Mr. J. A. Hobson's "Industrial System" (p. 45): "These payments are the direct industrial stimuli of the continued industrial production." "The money thus paid in wages to labor . . . furnishes a new supply of productive energy." It is the old, ever-recurring error of economics in a new form. It glorifies money and ignores produce. "We suffer from underconsumption: give the King and his family something more to spend, but tax the producer who would be wicked enough to make two blades of grass grow, instead of one, for, by his competition, he cheapens commodities, which is damnation."—Yours, &c.,

F. U. LAYCOCK.

9, Paradise-square, Sheffield.
June 27th, 1910.

THE COW AND HER HORNS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Longhorned cattle, especially the handsome Hereford, are most quiet and docile. Polled cattle are most pugnacious and quarrelsome. I have known polled steer fight to the death.

And horns have many valuable uses. In America store cattle are loaded from barge to ship by placing a slipnoose on the horns and hoisting four at once aboard. No R. H. Society's interference there.—Yours, &c.,

GRAZIER.

June 25th, 1910.

A LITTLE TRAGEDY OF A POOR WOMAN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There is a poor woman in a northern industrial town who is now in a desperate plight. I invite your readers to consider her case. These are the facts:—

Nine years ago she, being then eighteen, married a man

who persistently ill-used her; a drunkard. She bore him three children. Fifteen months ago he deserted her, and has not since been heard of. From the time of desertion, and probably prior thereto, she maintained herself and her children by working in a mineral water factory. Here is a statement of her earnings during the last nine months:—

Number of days worked in each week.	Amount earned.	Number of days worked in each week.	Amount earned.
5	6 8	4½	6 0
6	8 0	4½	6 0
4	5 4	4	5 4
5	6 8	4½	6 0
6	8 0	3½	4 8
5	6 8	4	5 4
4½	6 0	4½	6 0
5½	7 4	4½	6 0
5	6 8	5	6 8
5½	7 8	9 (overtime)	12 0
5½	7 4	1	1 0
5½	7 4	Absent	Nil.
4	5 4	2½	3 4
3½	4 8	4½	6 0
5	6 8	4	5 4
5	6 8	3½	4 8
5	6 8	3½	4 8
5½	7 4	4	5 4
4½	6 0	3½	4 8
5	6 8	4½	6 0
3½	4 8		

On these earnings, Heaven alone knows how, this woman maintained herself and three children! It is clear, is it not, that these pitiable sums of money were utterly inadequate for the decent maintenance of one person, to say nothing of four? One need not be frightfully surprised to hear that this woman, ill-fed and ill-used, has fallen into a parlous state of nervous degeneracy; nor, when one realises that recently in the course of her employment she met with an accident which seems likely to result in the loss of her sight, can one be astounded to find that she had given up striving with things and has sent her children to the workhouse. As a result of her accident, she is entitled to half her average weekly earnings in accordance with the terms of the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906; half the average of the munificent sums set forth above! Her condition is not entirely the result of this accident, but of all the factors I have enumerated. The accident was merely the last straw! She requires careful nursing and rest in order that she may be restored to health. If she gets this, her sight can be saved. If any of your readers care to help this woman, I will reveal her name and address to you, sir, in order that they may do so.

I have not written this letter, however, merely to help this woman. I invite your readers to consider the case further. I particularly invite the ladies and gentlemen who are now considering the question of divorce to attend to it. I invite every man and woman in the community, whatever his or her point of view may be, to pay attention.

This woman obviously cannot afford to incur the heavy charges necessary in order that she may be freed from a man who has shirked every responsibility he undertook in marrying her. That is a point for the Divorce Commission to consider.

This woman's children are now being maintained in the workhouse at a minimum cost of 5s. per week each, possibly more. That is to say, the three of them cost the ratepayers 15s., a sum which is more than twice as much as, on an average, their mother ever earned for their support and her own. If outdoor relief were given to her by the Guardians, it, with her earnings, would not equal fifteen shillings. That is a point for persons interested in the reform of the Poor Law to consider.

This woman's wages never by any chance amounted to a living wage. That is a point for everyone to consider.

I leave it to your readers to ponder over this matter. It is not an isolated case. I know of others.—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

June 30th, 1910.

THE AUDIENCES AT THE OPERA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have been several times to His Majesty's Theatre during Mr. Beecham's season of light opera, and on each occasion have found that quite a large number of those

forming the audience seemed perfectly incapable of considering their fellow-creatures. As soon as the lights in the theatre are lowered, one becomes conscious that many crouching figures are descending the stairs to their seats, causing confusion, sometimes finding that as they have entered the wrong row there are, say, four persons to fill three seats, with the result that the two rivals forlornly obstruct the view of those behind until they are rescued by an attendant. Once in their seats, late-comers rustle and rattle, and (this is no exaggeration) light matches in order to examine their programmes. The immediate outcome of this is hubbub—from protesting attendants and nervous ladies. The music, as you might think, goes hang.

This seems very vulgar and unnecessary, because surely those who purchase seats in order that they may hear a musical performance ought to go further, and arrive in time to hear it, as well as to listen to it throughout. Some members of the audience at His Majesty's have, it seems, deliberately arrived late, and left early, on each occasion that I have been present. Moreover, quite half the audience has chattered furiously through orchestral and vocal music alike.

If our gratitude to Mr. Beecham for his very public-spirited endeavor is to carry any semblance of sincerity, surely we ought to treat his performances seriously. It is not even as though we were visiting a musical comedy, where, presumably, half-an-hour at the beginning and half-an-hour at the end does not lose very much that is essential to the proper appreciation of the rest. Opera-goers ought to know how to behave. When Mr. Beecham has done so much, and in so handsome a manner, it is hard, indeed, that he should have no means of ensuring an attentive audience. He could, it is true, say: "You must be in the theatre before the time of commencement, or you must wait until an interval." He might further print in large letters upon his programmes: "It is vulgar to talk or to strike matches during the performance." But would he not thus deter these individuals from giving him support which is absolutely necessary to a successful enterprise?—Yours, &c.,

FRANK A. SWINNERTON.

111, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.
June 29th, 1910.

Poetry.

SOME OLD FRENCH CHANSONS.

LOST LATIN.

As I gathered branches three,
Of the scented rosemary,
The nightingale, a-singing near,
Said in Latin in my ear:
"Men are worthless," and again:
"Lads are worth still less than men."

They say, rosemary wet with dew,
That all Latin words are true;
But to-morrow I shall stand,
With my true love hand in hand,
In my robe of bridal satin;
The wise bird has lost his Latin!

THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THREE children, fairer ne'er were seen,
Went to the fields the ears to glean.

To the butcher's door at eve they went,
For there to rest was their intent.

"Come in, come in, young children three,
You will find rest and sleep with me."

The butcher took a knife, good sooth,
And slew them without fear or ruth.

He cut them into morsels fine,
And laid them in the pickling brine.

It chanced that after seven years' space,
Saint Nicholas came into that place.

The good saint, when the day was o'er,
Knocked likewise at the butcher's door.

"Come in, come in, Saint Nicholas blest,
And I will give you of the best."

The butcher brought forth plate and cup,
And prayed Saint Nicholas to sup.

"If you to sup disposed feel,
I have good ham and tender veal."

"Butcher, I do not like thy meat,
Thy ham or veal I will not eat.

But I will taste this bacon here,
That lies in brine this seven year."

No sooner had the words been said,
Than from the door the butcher fled.

"O butcher, butcher, do not flee,
Repent, and God will pardon thee."

Saint Nicholas by the brine tub sat,
And gazed full earnestly thereat.

"Rise up, rise up, my children dear,
The great Saint Nicholas is here."

Saint Nicholas lifted fingers three,
Those children rose up instantly.

The first said: "I have slept full well";
The second: "Better than words can tell";

The third: "Since first I closed my eyes,
It seems I have been in Paradise."

WOODEN SHOES.

As I passed thro' fair Lorraine,
With my wooden shoes,
Three knights met me on the plain,
With my wooden shoes.
They looked on me with disdain,
With my wooden shoes.

But to see me one was fain,
With my wooden shoes.
For the young Prince of Lorraine,
With my wooden shoes,
Threw me a spray of vervain,
With my wooden shoes.

He looked once, and looked again,
With my wooden shoes;
If he weds me I shall reign,
With my wooden shoes,
As the Queen of fair Lorraine,
With my wooden shoes.

R. L. G.

Reviews.

THE FOLKLORE OF MODERN GREECE.*

THE folklore of contemporary Greece has long been recognised by Continental scholars as a field which, if cultivated with proper appreciation of its possibilities and due critical caution against its perils, might be made to yield new interpretations for some old problems; might supply post-classical aids similar in kind to the aids which scholarship has already derived from archaeological investigation into the pre-classical period; and, in brief, might help students to a truer perspective of Hellenism by widening the narrow horizon in which Hellenic studies have been confined by the singularly pedantic convention consecrated as "classical tradition." The soundness of this view can hardly be disputed. It may well be asked: What of Greek civilisation can know the man who only knows the classical writers? The scantiness of that knowledge is obvious to anyone who reflects on the small number, the fragmentary condition, and, above all, the strictly literary character of the written records which have come down to us. Popular conceptions of religion—the convictions and practices of the common folk—are only casually alluded to, they are never discussed or described, by the great writers of antiquity. Art itself was subject to this attitude of tacit contempt for forms of faith which, however uncouth, were the fountain that fertilised the artist's genius. Evidently, if we wish to know something about the primitive foundations upon which the polished edifice of classical culture rested, we must seek for such knowledge in the treasures that lie hidden under the soil of Hellas, and in the beliefs which still linger in the hearts of the people who live upon that soil. It is pleasant to see that our Universities are lending at last their academic sanction to views and ventures which, in this country, still suffer from the imputation of novelty.

The volume before us is a sign of this readiness to move with the times. Compiled under the auspices of the University of Cambridge, it forms the most exhaustive attempt hitherto made in English to set forth the popular superstitions, customs, and legends of modern Greece, and to trace their bearing upon ancient Greek religion. The author deserves the credit of having realised, more keenly than most scholars, the continuity of the life and thought of the Greek nation from the earliest times to the present day. This realisation constitutes the chief merit of his work and also, it must be confessed, the main source of its weakness. For, though every student who has paid sufficient attention to the subject would readily concede the general truth of the proposition that a great deal in the life and thought of modern Greece is an inheritance from ancient Greece, few, if any, would be inclined to follow Mr. Lawson in his enthusiastic application of the principle to every particular case. Their hesitation is amply justified, as we shall see presently. Another deficiency in the author's equipment for the task will, in the eyes of most folk-lorists, be his meagre acquaintance with the civilisation of Greece in pre-Hellenic times, as revealed by the antiquarian researches of recent years, as well as his all but total disregard of the folklore of the races with which the Greek has come into contact, more or less intimate, during his history of thirty centuries. However, these shortcomings, in view of the avowed scope of the book, are not really so grave as might appear at first sight; and, besides, Mr. Lawson, by abstaining from ground with which he is not familiar, and thus implicitly recognising his limitations, disarms adverse criticism on that point.

Let us then examine the work within the limits which the author has prescribed to himself. It may at once be said that, within those limits, he has brought to his study three qualifications of paramount importance—a wide acquaintance with classical literature, a conscientious mastery of the published results of his numerous forerunners' exploitation of the same field, and a painstaking earnestness of purpose. These qualities in combination have enabled Mr. Lawson to produce a collection of

material, abundant, systematic, and lucid, and one for which many students who have no access to the original sources will be grateful. The same commendation, however, cannot be bestowed on all the conclusions which the author draws from his data. Like most other special pleaders who start upon an inquiry with a preconceived theory and an overpowering desire to see it proved, Mr. Lawson is to be accepted neither as an absolutely reliable witness nor as an unbiased judge of the value of evidence. As regards the first capacity in which he appears before us, his guidance often suffers from a too confiding judgment, assisted, in some cases, by his necessarily imperfect knowledge of the country, its language, and its people. For example, on one occasion he solemnly assures us that he has discovered fresh vestiges of the worship of Demeter under the appellation of *Διόσωρα*—vestiges which had escaped the scrutiny of all previous explorers, including that of native Greeks, such as Professor Polites, to whose monumental labors the author is so greatly indebted. An examination of the evidence adduced reveals the discovery as resting entirely upon the discoverer's startling mistake of an ordinary peasant woman's name for the title of a goddess. Precisely parallel is his creation of another deity, "the Lady Beautiful," out of another peasant name, *Κυρά Καλω*. To a similar inadequacy of experience, aggravated by excessive eagerness for discovery, are due the conclusions which the author bases upon such expressions as *Ζώνη θεά*, and *κυρηγώ*. In the former he detects proof of the survival of the worship of Zeus, in the latter of Artemis. As a matter of sober fact, the first most probably means nothing more than the "living God," and the second most certainly means "to chase" in its broadest English acceptance. To the same category of hallucinations belongs the triumphant citation of a distinguished Athenian scientist's crossing himself, after listening to a lecture on the Nymphs delivered by the author at Athens, as a proof of the scientist's fear of the Nymphs. The action admits of an entirely different interpretation, far more consistent with the occasion, if somewhat less flattering to the lecturer.

Other errors arising from the confidence of inexperience or from an inability to discriminate between real faith and idle fiction are to be found throughout the volume. Thus the kindness shown to harmless lunatics in Greece is due to pity pure and simple, and implies no belief whatever in a supposed spiritual superiority. The peasant's apology for mentioning terms like "donkey," "three," "five," and other things not named in the book is the result of naïve modesty, not, as the author imagines, of a superstitious notion of their being unlucky. Likewise, he vastly exaggerates the belief in "the mediation of birds" between man and God. In discussing Eros, Mr. Lawson does not appear to be aware of the fact that in modern Greek the word stands for "love" simply, and that all that is needed to exalt the passion into a divine person is to spell it with a big E—a very easy way of creating a god, and a way upon which the author seizes with characteristic avidity. Lastly, to give one more example of a chronic rashness, the "curious contrast" between *γάμος* and *χαρά* exists only in the author's imagination. A small dose of self-distrust might have saved the explorer from many pitfalls of the same description. The absence of this humble and useful virtue deprives Mr. Lawson's personal experiences of much of claim to be considered as valid evidence, except where they are corroborated by more instructed witnesses.

As regards the use which the author makes of the solid facts collected by others, that also is vitiated by his inordinate hunger for Hellenic origins. A good illustration is supplied by his derivation of *περπερά* from *περιπορεία*—a derivation which would be perfectly convincing but for the unfortunate existence of a Slavonic derivation which is even more convincing, when taken in conjunction with the fact, which the author mentions without seeing its bearing, that the rite designated by the word prevails only in the parts affected by Slavonic influence and is unknown in the rest of the Greek world. His lengthy speculations on the origin of the Callicantzari are open to the same criticism. Mr. Lawson would have been well advised to content himself with establishing a connexion between these mysterious and mischievous monsters of modern folk imagination and the Satyrs of antiquity. His philological efforts to trace their pedigree further back to the Centaurs can, we fear, be regarded only as an essay in very elaborate,

* "Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion." By John Cuthbert Lawson, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 12s. net.

ingenious, and futile reasoning. Fortunately these blemishes, and blemishes like these, serious though they are, do not destroy the value of the treatise as a whole. They are to a large extent counterbalanced by many suggestive pages, and also by a few pages of permanent utility. Such, for instance, is the chapter on Charon. There Mr. Lawson's logic, based on adequate evidence, not of his own collection, is seen at its best, and there he seems, for once, to prove his thesis. Again, his patient and skilful disentangling of the Hellenic from the Slavonic threads in the terrible superstition of the *vrykolakas* is, in the present critic's opinion at all events, almost conclusive. *Si sic omnia!*

To sum up, the book, if used with discretion, may be recommended as a useful contribution to a singularly fascinating and baffling branch of study. By emphasising the limitations of classical tradition as a picture of the popular religion of ancient Greece and by dwelling upon the value of modern Greek folklore as a source of new light on classical literature, Mr. Lawson has pointed out, in greater detail than had ever been done before in this country, the path which other scholars may pursue with maturer circumspection and larger profit.

TOWN ADMINISTRATION IN GERMANY.*

MEMBERS of the English Local Authorities will be glad of the opportunity afforded by the publication of the "*Kommunales Jahrbuch*" for 1909, to learn something of German municipal conditions.

The German municipal year-book, which is only in the second year of its existence, is nevertheless extraordinarily complete. It is obvious that it must have entailed an enormous amount of work upon the editors, who have had to digest the information supplied to them by over a thousand municipalities; but the arrangement is so well done that it is easy for the English student to look up any subject in which he is interested. Thus in the first volume the whole of German municipal activity will be found grouped under subjects. Public health, markets, baths, building act questions, workmen's dwellings, schools, unemployment insurance, savings banks, and several other matters which in England we do not allow our municipalities to undertake, in addition to the ordinary gas, tramway and water installations, are first dealt with generally; then attention is called to special regulations affecting Prussia or the other States of the Empire; and, finally, an account is given of experimental or exceptional administration undertaken by individual towns.

The second volume gives us details of every commune in Germany with a population of over five thousand inhabitants. Here a kindergarten plan is adopted, which is very helpful to those whose German is weak, or whose attention is likely to flag. The various municipal enterprises are indicated by little pictures. At the head of the statistics of parks a tree appears. A cow's head denotes the provision of food. For health the serpent of *Æsculapius* is shown twined round a stick; while finance is typified by the Imperial eagle, which is stamped on German coins.

In the more general information contained in the first volume, one of the things which will most interest the ordinary reader are the statistics of unemployment during the winter 1908-9, which are given for Berlin and 129 other towns. The writer of the article, Dr. Wolff, apologises because the table is not more complete, but as some of the towns seem to have collected their statistics carelessly it was judged wiser to omit them. The Berlin figures are, of course, well known. With just over two million inhabitants, a house-to-house census, taken on February 13th, 1909, showed that there were altogether a little over a hundred thousand unemployed, of whom ninety thousand were men. Omitting children from the figure of population, the percentage seems a high one, but Dr. Wolff says that it is generally thought to be an underestimate.

One of the other towns making a return is Cologne. Here the proportion of unemployed is much smaller; only 3,784 in January, 1908, and 3,478 in January, 1909, out

of a population of a little under half a million. In Halle, where the figures were taken with special care, the census of January, 1909, shows a proportion of 1·34 per cent. Some of the smaller towns only return a proportion of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It is a pity that so few of the large industrial towns are included, as without them the return loses much of its value. It is still more to be regretted that we have no English municipal statistics with which a comparison can be made. Another table tells us that the eight hours' day has been given in the gas works and allied businesses in 44 towns, including, of course, Berlin. A general table of the hours of municipal employees would be a useful addition. The editors inform us that for the first time this year they have included a table of the wages of municipal workmen. Unfortunately, except in the gas departments, the towns have not filled up the schedules fully, and it is therefore difficult to compare, say, with the 1907 L.C.C. return of the wages paid by the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1888 and the Council in 1906. But to give a few examples from the classes where comparison is easiest, say, flushers, park gardeners, and tramwaymen: To flushers the L.C.C. paid 5s. 10d. a day, the Metropolitan Board of Works 4s. 8d., and Berlin, Cologne and Stuttgart from about 3s. 9d. to 4s. 6d. Gardeners' wages are, L.C.C., 4s. 8d. to 5s., Metropolitan Board of Works, 4s.; Stuttgart, 3s. 9d. to 5s. 4d., Cologne, 3s. 9d. to 4s. 9d., Hagen, 3s. 7d. to 4s. Tram-drivers get from the L.C.C. 5s. to 6s. 6d., Dusseldorf, 4s. to 6s., Cologne, 3s. 6d. to 5s., Hagen, 3s. 2d. to 5s.

With regard to the details of administration given in the second volume, it is probable that the number of English readers who will wish to look up, say, the balance sheet of the important Silesian manufacturing town of Kattowitz is strictly limited. But it would be interesting if we could compare it with an English town of about the same population, given in the English Municipal Year-book edited by Mr. Donald, such as Luton. Unfortunately we cannot do so, not because we cannot get all the facts about Kattowitz, but because the English year-book gives us so little information about Luton.

We can find that whereas Luton nearly balances its expenditure for 1908-9 on baths and wash-houses at £600, Kattowitz took from bathers £1,380 and spent on them no less a sum than £2,090. We can also discover that Kattowitz obtains about ten times as much from its markets as does Luton; but here the means of comparison fail, for lack of further information about the markets of Luton. But we are able to learn from the German year-book that Kattowitz in connection with its markets runs an ice manufactory; that it made, during the year 1909, 188 tests of provisions sold, at a cost of four shillings a test; also that its milk is deemed to be adulterated, if it weighs under 1·028 at a temperature of 15° Centigrade; that the somewhat low standard of 2·7 per cent. is accepted for fat content; that nursery, children's and sanitary milk are each specially defined; and that it has regulations as to how the cows are to be kept, and on what they must be fed; also that 54 examinations of cowsheds were made during the year; that there are five annual cattle fairs; and that provision markets are held three times a week.

This prescribing what the cattle shall eat, though common throughout Germany, seems so curious to English ideas that we should not expect to find it set out amongst the activities of the Luton Town Council; but the success of Luton in defeating Mr. Balfour's first Education Bill familiarised us with the fact that Luton has a system of education of which it is justly proud. Nevertheless all the information that we can obtain from the English year-book is that "The Council, as the local Education authority, has charge of 13 schools, and contributes to the upkeep of a secondary college," while with regard to education at Kattowitz, we discover, from about five square inches of tightly packed figures and abbreviated text, that the Middle boys' school has 15 classes, 16 teachers, and 664 boys; that the fees are from 48 to 60 shillings per scholar; that French and English are taught; and that there are ten per cent. of free places. Similar statistics are given for the Middle girls' school, the Higher Polytechnic, and the Upper Commercial School. We also learn all about the elementary schools, amongst other things that four school doctors are employed; that the children are allowed free swimming in a warm bath; that there are classes for defective children;

* "*Kommunales Jahrbuch*." By Dr. H. Lindemann and Dr. Südekum. Published at Jena, by Gustav Fischer. 2 vols. Price 18 marks.

and that the Town Council subscribes towards the children's feeding league, and a children's holiday fund, which, by the way, also sends country children for holidays into the towns. We can find that the town theatre is let to a private company; that the cheapest seat in it costs 9d.; that there are 24 popular representations at 4d., and one for school children free. The prices seem rather dear, compared with the theatre at Hagen in Westphalia, where the management is undertaken by a body which seems to correspond to our Sunday League, and at which, though 26 artists and 15 technical persons are engaged, seats can be booked at twopence—those for children at reduced prices.

We shall hardly wish to pause longer at Kattowitz to consider its sixty settling tanks, its mechanical brooms, or its excellent regulations for cellar dwellings, but those who have followed the struggles of the Progressives on the L.C.C. to obtain adequate fire protection for dangerous buildings in London will remark with interest the drastic regulation that no dwelling-house may have an inhabited room in the roof without a fireproof staircase.

It is also worth noticing that there are 8,105 depositors in the municipal savings bank, with nearly three hundred thousand pounds to their credit; that the interest allowed to depositors is 3 per cent., and that charged to borrowers four; that the town has made up to date a profit of four thousand six hundred pounds on its venture; and that out of this profit it has built its theatre.

Kattowitz is one of the larger towns, and it must not be assumed that details quite as full of all the thousand odd communes are available; but, as the second volume consists of over six hundred pages, of which Kattowitz only takes about two, it is easy to estimate that the smaller places are just as thoroughly dealt with.

Strange to say, Germany is behind our larger municipalities in the matter of milk. Tuberculosis tests seem only to have been made systematically at Leipsic and Munich. The Leipsic tests, extending from November, 1907, to November, 1908, of 402 samples of milk, give 12 per cent. as tuberculous. In their report to the L.C.C. of April 1st, 1909, the London Public Health Committee state that from the previous July, when the London Act came into force, to the date of their report, they had examined 676 samples, and found 12 per cent. tuberculous. It is curious that, with cows kept under such different conditions as prevail in German and English agriculture, the percentage should be the same.

Here in England we have got into the habit of expecting in a German publication a degree of accuracy which we consider impracticable for ourselves; but it seems that the "Kommunales Jahrbuch" is exceptionally accurate, even for Germany. It is especially recommended on this ground, and for its freedom from political partisanship, by the Minister of the Interior of Wurtemberg to all municipalities within his jurisdiction.

IN REVOLT.*

THERE was a line of prophecy running through all of George Meredith's books—one line among many, but still the most persistent. It told of the approaching revolt of women against a false ideal. The ideal, he said, was false because it was sentimental, and refused to look reality in the face. It covered the truth in a misty arrangement of pinkish clouds, which most women accepted because it was thought pretty, and most men because it was comfortable. For sixty or seventy years that sentimental ideal dominated English fiction and a good deal of our poetry and painting. Through literature it dominated the large and important class that reads fiction, and the small class that reads poetry, while the effect of sentimental pictures was spread far and wide through the country, and still holds a more pernicious influence. In fact, since the last century reduced us to so desperately sentimental a condition, the false ideal maintains itself in the baser forms of most arts, and works unconsciously upon the nation's life. And yet, as is the way when major prophets have spoken, George

* "Modern Woman: Her Intentions." By Florence Farr. Palmer. 2s. 6d.

"Rebel Women." By Evelyn Sharp. Fiffeld. 1s.

"Women's Fight for the Vote." By Frederick W. Pethick Lawrence. Woman's Press. 6d. and 1s.

Meredith's prophecy is steadily fulfilling itself, and women are now in full revolt against an ideal whose falsity was malignant chiefly in warping and thwarting their own nature and destiny.

The books before us are only three small signs of a revolt that is manifested in many other forms than books. Miss Florence Farr (Mrs. Emery), writing in the guise of the experienced spectator of life, hints at some of these forms in her subtle and sometimes rather elusive chapters. She has observed that "all great changes come from a force that, after many years of silence, blazes with emotional, passionate enthusiasm." In the great change that she now sees approaching, the force has blazed with the passionate enthusiasm of women's struggle for the franchise.

"When the vote was refused," she says, "the first artillery for the woman's army was forged." By that refusal, a passion has been created that leads to more far-reaching consequences than the ballot-box. She takes the economic consequences first, but, important as these are, they will chiefly serve as affording to women the desired opportunity for further freedom from the various kinds of restraint to which her economic helplessness now compels her to submit. In "emotional degradation," Miss Farr finds one of the chief wrongs under which women now suffer. A few sentences from different chapters will show the author's intention. In "Women's Incomes," she writes:—

"Next comes the probably miserable alternative of marrying a rich husband. It is a very curious thing that it is harder for a rich man to be naturally attractive to women than it is for the camel to pass through the needle's eye, and the consequence is that women generally have a more or less unhappy domestic life when they definitely marry for a livelihood."

Writing of courtesans, in the chapter called "The Green Houses of Japan," she says:—

"It comes under the general consideration whether it is right for any woman to become the property of a man in exchange for money. A woman who loves does naturally become the property of the man she loves for the time being. The wiser she is, the less she will let him know it. The money bargain I cannot help regarding as a device invented by unattractive men whom no woman would voluntarily look at."

Or, again, in the chapter called "The Variations of Love":—

"Until it is acknowledged that it is not respectable to live together when the temperaments are incompatible, there will be no real virtue in the married state. Never to want the same thing at the same time is a more far-reaching cause of emotional degradation than one violent outbreak of temper under extreme provocation. It is more degrading to the finer feelings than a temporary alienation of marital love."

So Miss Florence Farr continues from chapter to chapter, marking out the paths and meanings of revolt, questioning and scrutinising present conditions, passing judgment upon them with ironic calm, suggesting probable revolutions without much show of passion or enthusiasm, but with a certain aloofness or slightly embittered deliberation, that has its effect, though it is not exactly inspiring.

There is no such aloofness or want of inspiring enthusiasm about the other two books we have chosen as evidences of the revolt that Meredith foretold. They come hot from the very scene of conflict, and we breathe in them the air of battle. Not that they are violent in manner or expression; both are calm and free from exaggeration; one is illuminated with humor. But they are the utterances of people who do not stand as spectators, but have been engaged year after year in the very heart of a long campaign. In "Rebel Women," Miss Evelyn Sharp tells in her own most characteristic manner some incidents of the fight as they have befallen herself. By her characteristic manner we mean the lightest mockery and the cheerfulest humor playing over an intense seriousness and gravity of spirit, that are unconsciously felt through all the laughter. It was thus that she gave a new and joyful reality to fairyland and to the world of her imaginative work. And now, with the same skill, she narrates the varied scenes of a suffragette's experience—the "raid," the visit to the prison, the street speaking, the street selling, the canvassing against the Government, the conversion of the "Anti," and many more. To show the method, we will rather quote the few opening sentences from "At a Street Corner":—

"'People of London,' faltered the lady who had just stepped upon the sugar-box at the edge of the pavement.

"The people of London, who happened just then to be a very little girl carrying a very large baby, stared in some astonishment. Another lady, who had been distributing handbills farther along the street, came back and prompted the speaker encouragingly.

"Go on; that's splendid!" she said, with friendly warmth. "The woman on the sugar-box, who had never stood on a sugar-box before, smiled wanly. . . . Her friend being engaged at the moment in pressing a handbill upon the little girl, who obligingly gripped the baby with one hand and her chin in order to take it, there came no response to the appeal of the orator in the gutter. . . . 'I really must wait for some more people,' she protested.

"You needn't," said her more experienced companion. "They always come along fast enough as soon as they see some one like you standing on a sugar-box."

"That doesn't surprise me," remarked the inexperienced one, thinking regretfully of a happy past, in which the chief aim of a well-ordered life had been to avoid doing anything that would attract attention."

But in the end, of course, the meeting was a fine success.

Mr. Pethick Lawrence has no more doubt than Miss Evelyn Sharp where the immediate contest in the far-reaching revolt now lies. The vote is mainly a symbol—a symbol of the right to personality—but, symbol or not, it is the next point to be won, and good generals do not dissipate their forces by calculating the possibilities of battles still far ahead. Mr. Lawrence's book is a plain and straightforward account of the suffragist demand, its justice and necessity, the objections raised to it, and its history up to the present crisis of the Conciliation Bill. Anyone who wishes to become acquainted with the meaning of the whole movement from the suffragist side could not learn the facts better than here.

THE OFFICER'S WIFE.*

If the authoress of this book had laid herself out to draw a picture of the British officer's wife who accompanies her husband on tropical service, she could not have done it better. Indeed, she would not have done it half so well, for her picture is entirely unconscious, and she has no idea what a distinctive type she is drawing, or that she is drawing a type at all. Her object is just to narrate various things she saw and experienced in British East Africa and Zanzibar. She does it in a chatty, easy-going way, without the least pretence to style or distinction, but as she passes lightly on from one story to another, she paints her own portrait far better than the things she describes, and her portrait is a type becoming more and more frequent now—the type of the Englishwoman out with her husband in a savage or semi-civilised region, into which she brings the English methods and standards, a cheerful endurance, a tolerant interest in "the natives," and a love of sport, all infused with an atmosphere of afternoon tea.

We lately noticed the scientific account of "A Pre-historic People" in East Africa, by Mr. and Mrs. Scoresby Routledge, and, indeed, there have been two or three good accounts of the region within the last few years, chiefly from the sportsman's point of view. But there is nothing in the least scientific about the present volume. We do not find that even the date of the residence is given. The impressions are almost as rapid as Mr. Roosevelt's, though, fortunately, the deductions are never so tremendous. Nor is this a sportsman's book, though the authoress joins in two expeditions for the slaughter of the wild animals that she really loves and would not wish exterminated. In spite of an affection for the thing she kills, often characteristic of even the most murderous sportsmen—and neither the authoress nor her husband were murderous; she says he "never shot unless absolutely obliged," that is, when he wanted meat or a "specimen" to be stuffed!—in spite of this, she shows no special knowledge of animals or their habits. She shows no special knowledge of anything. The book, as we said, simply records the first and obvious impressions made by common scenes of a semi-savage African region upon an Englishwoman belonging to the class that marries into the Army.

The observations are often shrewd enough; sometimes they may be valuable to those who know how to use them. Speaking of the Masai tribe, for instance, she tells us they do not bury their dead, "as they think the bodies pollute

the ground and spoil their beloved grass." The present writer has never heard of this idea in Africa before, though among the Ovimbundu of West Central Africa he has found it the custom never to bury slaves, but to leave them for wild beasts, or to suspend them in the branches of trees. She also gives a few instances of the belief in witchcraft among the Akikuyu, but that subject has been completely treated by the Routledges. She repeats the common idea that the practice of filing the teeth into points is connected with cannibalism, though the evidence of her own boys was against her, and the present writer has not seen any real proof of the supposed connection. Most African tribes break or file their teeth in one way or another, just as most make cicatrices on their bodies, and it appears to be done merely as a tribal mark, though the pointed teeth may be an imitation of a crocodile or fish, perhaps a totem of the race, and, of course, a tribe with pointed teeth may also be cannibal.

But, in a simpler matter, everyone who knows Africa will heartily agree with the authoress. She protests against some correspondent who urged that natives should be compelled to wear clothes because "he would feel uncomfortable if he met a more or less undressed negro when he was walking with a lady!" We are not told how long that journalist had been exported from suburban circles, but after knowing natives in every quarter of Africa, except the north-east, the present reviewer can entirely endorse Mrs. Younghusband when she says:—

"My experience is that the less the native is clothed the nicer he is, and the more modest and well-behaved; they have not in the least degree that sense of decency or indecency that makes a white man cover himself. Directly a native begins putting on garments of civilisation he gets wrong ideas with them."

Next to European drink and European exploitation, European dress has certainly done more than anything to corrupt the morals and ruin the happiness of the African tribes, and we are glad when any Englishwoman has the good sense and humanity to protest against it.

THE REGIME OF 1832.*

THE second volume of Sir Herbert Maxwell's History will contain no surprises for those who have read his first. It is written in the same easy colloquial English. It cannot be called distinguished, and neither its literary nor its historical qualities make it a contribution of great importance. It does not dive below the surface, or offer any original or illuminating theories. But it is pleasant to read; it is good-natured and sensible in tone, and though it represents the Conservative point of view, its partisanship is very different from the vindictive or unscrupulous bias of certain Oxford historians. Indeed, Sir Herbert Maxwell's own personal partialities would make it impossible for him to emulate their scurrilous violence, for he makes no secret of his admiration for the first two Whig Prime Ministers in the Reformed Parliament, and particularly for Lord Grey. He deals with the Reform manoeuvres of Disraeli and Derby, in 1867, whereby the Whigs were dished, with great severity, disliking not only the factious inconsistencies to which they pleaded guilty, but also the measures which they passed. He is entirely out of sympathy with the Radicals, and from time to time he alludes to social problems in a way that shows that his own ideas on economics are not more advanced than those of the Budget Protest League. But in the main he is content with a simple narrative, and he does not pretend to do more than relate a series of events as he sees them.

The present volume covers the régime of the Reform Act of 1832. It must have been interesting to politicians in the year when that régime came to an end to look back to the prophecies that had hailed the Act of 1832. How wild the hopes that had been disappointed, how wild the fears that had been scattered. Men like Wellington had dreaded, and men like Cobbett had blessed, Reform as a great social avalanche; but thirty-five years of Reformed Parliaments had not revolutionised the structure of English

* "Glimpses of East Africa and Zanzibar." By Ethel Younghusband. John Long. 12s. 6d. net.

* "A Century of Empire." In three vols. By Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. 2, 1833-1868. Arnold. 15s. net.

society. One great social event marks the period, but the abolition of the Corn Laws had been the act, not of some volcanic demagogue, but of the great Conservative leader who had resisted the Reform of 1832. To say that these thirty-five years falsified the expectations of 1832 is not to say that Reform had not brought with it a spirit of improvement and progress. The truth is very much the contrary. The years that followed the Act of 1832 were years of great and various energy. Disappointment came fast to Radicals who thought that very little was done in those years, but as we look back on the difficulties of the Whig Governments and their composition, the wonder is not that so little, but that so much, was done. The great majority of 1833 was not nearly so homogeneous as the great majority of 1906, yet the first few years of government under the new régime showed that in four directions Parliamentary Reform had opened the door to social reform; the Poor Law Reform of 1834, Municipal Reform of 1835, the Factory Act of 1833, and the first provision of public money for education. The Reform of 1832, like the Reform of 1867, introduced an era of vigorous action. It is impossible not to admire the thorough-going spirit in which the Reformed Parliament handled such ancient abuses as the Municipal Corporations. The sacred charm of venerable wrongs had disappeared with the fantastic superstition of rotten boroughs, and the doctrine that a few houses in ruins should send a member to Parliament. But in all this legislation the driving power did not come from the proletariat, whom the old-fashioned Tories had pictured as about to become the masters of society. Politics obeyed very different forces. If we want to understand Cobbett's furious onslaughts on the new Poor Law, we have only to read the hard and doctrinaire speech in which Brougham commended that law to the House of Lords in a measure of relief to property. That the knife was needed for the old system, set up by the oligarchy in the panic and distress of the French War, nobody can question, but it is not less impossible to doubt that if the Reformed Parliament had represented wider interests, the reconstruction of the Poor Law would have taken a different and more liberal form. In Foreign Affairs there is much, of course, to criticise in these years, but there is one phase of English policy on which the reader can look back with great satisfaction, the success of Russell and Palmerston in giving effect to their own liberal ideas on the subject of Italian independence, in spite of great difficulties in their Cabinet and the strong hostility of the Court. Sir Herbert Maxwell has hardly done justice to this part of his theme.

A SCOTTISH PHILANTHROPIST.*

THE Manse bulks larger in Scottish life than the Rectory in English; the reason, perhaps, being that the former represents the most favorably placed members of one class in the country, the latter the least well equipped of another. The minister is a leader of middle-class men, the rector, in a sense, an appendage of upper; hence a certain robustness in the one, and a certain invertebrateness in the other type. Whatever the cause, no class of Scotsmen have played a more honorable part in Scottish history than the sons of the manse. Henry Duncan, who, in this centenary year of the Savings Bank system, is now being commemorated in Edinburgh, was the son and grandson of successive ministers of Lochruton in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. He seems to have entered the ministry rather as a student than a pastor; and it was by philanthropy rather than religion in the stricter sense of the word that his work was in the first instance inspired. The opening of the eighteenth century was a time of exceptional distress. The country was in the grip of the interminable French war; there had been a succession of bad harvests; the corn laws lay heavy upon the people's food. Duncan's benevolence and energy, qualities possessed by him in an exceptional degree, were roused. He devoted himself to the material well-being of his parishioners, selling Indian corn at cost price, providing flax for the village industries, and seed potatoes when the crop failed. Living, as he did, in the golden age of Scottish

Toryism, it is matter for surprise that he escaped being denounced as a Jacobin. His zeal for education brought him into suspicion; his parish library, his science classes, his "Conversational Sunday Lectures" earned him the repute of a pioneer.

Theologically he was what was called a Moderate, with a possible touch of dryness; it was a chance contact with the Society of Friends, then, as now, a powerful leaven in British religion, that led him to a more distinctively evangelical position. "From that time (1804) onward it is certain that a new power was at work within him, for a certain heavenliness of spirit purified and elevated his every action, bringing forth good and noble work for the spiritual as well as the temporal good of his people." Philanthropist as he was, he opposed—as did the best and wisest Scotsmen of his time—the introduction of the English Poor Law. In Scotland the relief of the poor was voluntary; and the system, unpromising as it seems, had been attended with excellent results. In his own parish, which contained a population of 1,100, the sum yearly available for the purpose did not exceed £25. In England the abuse of successive Acts of Parliament dealing with the subject had led to the pauperisation of whole districts. "In one English parish alone the rates had risen in thirty years from £18 to £367, and rather more than one in three of the inhabitants were paupers." Chalmers tells us of another in which the rise was from £30 to £1,260. The reform of the system had become a necessity; and it is natural that its extension, as it then stood, to Scotland should have been resisted. The better way was to help people to help themselves. "If you confine yourself to the relief of poverty, you do little. Dry up, if possible, the springs of poverty, for every attempt to stem the running stream has signally failed."

It was on these lines that the Savings Bank movement proceeded.

"A stocking, a chink in the wall, or a loose board in the floor was in those days the only way of keeping surplus money for the lower classes, as the public banks did not take less than £10, and the want of a safe place to keep small amounts often prevented people from attempting to preserve them. Poor people were in danger of being robbed of their little treasure, dearly accumulated by much self-sacrifice and denial. The presence of the tempting nest egg was too often known to others; in that case it was difficult to avoid lending it, perhaps for a too trivial reason. The hearts of the poor are very easily touched by the troubles of others, and the temptation to break into it was more than human nature could withstand. But once the money was safely in the keeping of the Savings Bank, Mr. Duncan knew that they would hesitate to break into their little store unless for some definite or urgent reason."

There were difficulties. The poor were suspicious; politicians, Cobbett, the "Times," the banking interest opposed. But the success achieved was beyond expectation. In Ruthwell, the deposits of the first year, 1810, were £151; in the second they rose to £176; in the third to £241; and in the fourth to £922. The system rapidly extended itself; its propagation became the work of its founder's life. "We have seldom heard," wrote a "Quarterly Reviewer" in 1816, "of a private individual in a retired sphere, with numerous avocations and a narrow income, who has sacrificed so much ease, expense, and time for a purely disinterested object as Mr. Duncan has done." Experience and time have taught us that thrift is but a part of social and economic reform, and the tendency of our own time is to insist on larger and more sympathetic remedies for the evils which Duncan set himself to alleviate. But these can only work satisfactorily on a foundation of solid character; and it is the harder virtues that lay this foundation and make strong men. His life, which is written by the sympathetic hand of a descendant, is a record of an honorable and useful career, which was crowned by a final act of sacrifice; for he, with his two sons and his son-in-law, all Ministers of the Church of Scotland, "went out" in the disruption of 1843.

THE PICTURES OF TITIAN.*

THIS book is not a biography. Such biographical matter as it is essential to include is taken frankly, and with full acknowledgment, from the "Life and Times of Titian," by

* "Titian." By Charles Ricketts. Methuen. 15s. net.

* "Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell, Founder of Savings Banks." By his great granddaughter, Sophy Hall. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 3s. 6d. net.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The latter, published in 1877, remains the standard work on the artist's career; and what is good enough to be a standard work is good enough for Mr. Ricketts and, one may add, for anybody else in regard to most particulars. We say "most particulars" because there are one or two upon the accuracy of which doubt has been cast by more recent research. For instance, we notice that Mr. Ricketts, following Crowe and Cavalcaselle, gives "the usually accepted date of birth" as 1477, whereas a later authority, Mr. Herbert Cook, has given out, as a preferable hypothesis, that Titian was born in or about 1489. However, there is no positiveness about either of these dates; and even if there were, and if Mr. Ricketts were a good twelve years out of his reckoning, we are not sure that it would materially affect the value of his work. It would, indeed, affect the positive accuracy of certain dates he attributes to certain paintings; but as we have said, the book is not a biography, and not meant to be, and dates that are relatively correct are not much inferior to dates that are absolutely so.

This is sufficient to indicate that the purpose of Mr. Ricketts's book is critical, not biographical. Neither is it descriptive, even of the pictures, for instead of describing these with the usual wealth of detail and superfluity of adjectives beloved of the average art historian, he contents himself simply with referring the reader to the illustrations, and proceeds straightway to the more important business of critical dissection. In the hands of an ordinary critic dealing with an ordinary painter, this process, involving as it does a good deal of technical allusion, would probably prove decidedly wearisome to the layman. But Titian is not an ordinary painter, neither is Mr. Ricketts a typical technical critic. It is often charged, sometimes quite justly, against the artist-critic that his range of critical vision is limited to the practice of the craftsman and the philosophy of the art school; in short, that he suffers, and causes his audience to suffer, from the narrowness of the expert. Here, however, we have an artist who combines with the power of self-expression in paint, plaster, and bronze, an enviable faculty of seeing other people's self-expression in a human as well as a purely artistic light. The views of a painter-critic of this type are here peculiarly interesting. For Titian, although—as Mr. Ricketts reminds us—more of the great masters in art have been for, rather than against him, is not a painter's painter in the same sense, say, as Velasquez; whilst it is he, to quote the Spaniard, who "bears the banner" in front of the artists of the earth, it happens also to be a popular banner; and towards the "popular" artist the attitude of the average painter-critic is apt to be indifferent or hostile in proportion to the degree of popularity. Titian, of course, is beyond the reach of indifference; but even with Titian one might expect to find in the painter-critic's estimate some echo of what Mr. Ricketts calls the "angry treble" of John Ruskin. Fortunately, and although he takes his own route, Mr. Ricketts ultimately arrives at the vantage point of the masters and the populace.

Mr. Ricketts says that, from the first, Titian "reflected the new change in Venetian painting associated with Giorgione." This change involved "great intentness on the momentary aspect of things, and the control implied in a new and almost arbitrary use of pigment." He instances the decorations, now destroyed, of the Fondaco, in the production of which Giorgione and Titian collaborated, as having exercised a profound influence on Venetian art, even on the Bellinesque artists who disapproved of, and resisted, such innovations in spirit and method. Titian's debt to Giorgione, his master, is hereby admitted. But it is not the vast, almost hopeless, debt that Ruskin, and later, Mr. Berenson, saddled Titian with. The latter critic, for instance, referring to the works of Titian's first period, wrote that "to the more refined sense he seems to aspire after rather than to attain to Giorgione's greatness." Mr. Ricketts, on the other hand, is, if anything, more enthusiastic over Titian's first period than the succeeding periods, and though he gives a good deal to Giorgione, he retains at least as much for his pupil. For Titian, as the creator of the "Assunta," the "Bacchus and Ariadne," and the "Sacred and Profane Love," he has the most unbounded admiration; as the poet painter, Titian yields, in his estimate, no part of his title to the older man. Again, in the chapter on Titian's technique, it is claimed that as

regards the use of glazes upon a solid under-painting, which was the method adopted by both, "Titian may be said to have controlled this practice even more effectively than Giorgione, whose pigment has less body, and remains more thin." Elsewhere he suggests that some of Giorgione's later work shows that painter's adoption of what was essentially Titian's technique. The period of Titian's development with which he has the least sympathy is the middle one, dating from about 1530. Previous to that, the "manner" had been inspired by a lyric poetry akin to Giorgione's; afterwards, for the next twenty years, Titian "lives on his acquired knowledge," marks time, as it were, and the results of this period, to Mr. Ricketts, though not less accomplished, show less feeling—always excepting the portraits, in which he reached his high water-mark. But in the subject pictures "qualities of a magisterial order supplanted the nimble and emotional response to finer aims and delicate perceptions." The third and last period was visionary and emotional; "he outshines the random flashes we admire in Tintoretto, and anticipates something in the art of Rembrandt." We lay stress on this æsthetic analysis, not merely because it sheds a little fresh light on the study of Titian, but because it typifies that part of Mr. Ricketts's book which is its *raison d'être*, which is the predominant part, and which really counts. At the same time it would be unfair not to mention that quite adequate references are made to historical happenings, such as Titian's visits to the Court of Ferrara, his connection with Pope Paul III. at Rome, his position as painter to the House of Hapsburg, and his friendship with the "Scourge of Princes," Aretino. These matters are the guide posts to his artistic development, and their importance is neither forgotten nor minimised. Praise is due to the half-tone plates at the end of the volume. These, one hundred and eighty in number, are not only finely produced, but their arrangement is adapted to Mr. Ricketts's literary method, and they are consequently of great assistance to the lucidity of his message.

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characteristic weakness of the romantic school; and we may add that there are, here and there, lapses into prosaic barrenness which tend to destroy the poetic illusion of the whole. None the less, "The Hour and the Woman," for a first novel, is a performance of great promise, and Miss Nicklin certainly shows herself possessed of psychological skill of an uncommon order.

In "Promise," Miss E. Sidgwick has chosen an exacting subject, and treated it with more intellectual than artistic force. Her aim, says the Foreword, is "to illustrate, by means of incidents in the life of a young musical genius, the futility of all attempts to control artistic impulse." The Child of Promise, the sensitive Antoine, has an English father, and on his mother's side is descended from a noted family of musicians, the Lemaures. The five parts into which the novel is divided analyse successively the influence on Antoine of his mental supervision by his brilliant and capricious mother, his French and English uncles, his school friends, his conscientious brother and his father. The atmospheres of the two French and the two English households, and of the English public school, are real almost to a fault, and many of the character studies, such as that of old M. Lemaure, a charming and sagacious nature, are done with much integrity. But the effect of the story, as a whole, is a little heavy. For one thing, the author has applied herself too literally to chronicling the exact details of domestic intercourse, and the tedious conversations of Antoine's seniors. For another thing, she has not acquired the art of placing her people in perspective, and of treating them and their schemes of conduct with the necessary touch of lightness. We are at school all the time, so to say, with Miss Sidgwick, and the lesson that confronts us begs our attention too insistently. It is the more noticeable since the writer is obviously a keen student of French life and character, and her theme, to put it another way, is the lack of the artistic strain in the English outlook. Her portrait of the boy genius who would find his path by instinct, quite simply and surely, if he were not continually being distracted and misdirected by well-meaning people, who strive to make him run in ready-made grooves, is sensitively handled; but certain episodes, such as the scene with the old organist, Hugueson, and the part played by Mrs. Archerson in the story, are curiously unreal. We catch ourselves wondering, now and again, whether there be not a little of that English sentimentality in the novel which insists on idealising the artist, and of seeing him through the transfiguring veil of those serious emotions which his art arouses; but possibly we are mistaken. For a first novel, "Promise" is exceptionally able—one that should have notable successors, when the author learns to select the significant detail, and replace three niggling strokes by one simple sweeping line.

"Ragna" is an excellent novel of a sincere and straightforward order, one that would leave its mark on the memory were the style more distinctive. The heroine, Ragna Anderson, a Norwegian girl, is adopted by a wealthy relative, Fru Bjork, and educated in a French convent. Her romantic girlish passion is kindled by a serious flirtation, *en voyage*, with the handsome, self-indulgent Prince Mirko, of Montegria, and Ragna then refuses to marry the eligible parti, Ole Nansen, who has been selected by her careful aunt. The Prince's aide, Count Angelescen, falls in love with Ragna, but arrives too late on the scene in Rome to prevent her seduction by his Royal patron, and Angelescen's offer of marriage, to save her from the consequences of her folly, is rejected by the bewildered girl. So far the situation runs on too familiar a plane to call for remark. With the introduction of the young Roman artist, Egidio Valentini, the story attains the level of artistic originality. The Italian, wrongly believing that a marriage with Ragna will bring him, later, a settled income, feigns a noble and disinterested love, and offers her his name to shield her reputation. Ragna, womanlike, accepts him in marriage without wishing to pay the price. She is roughly undeceived, and soon has to face the fact that she is in thrall to the appetites of a violent and sensual man. The analysis of the woman's sensations, in this loveless union, the outrage to her pride, her smarting humiliation, her icy contempt for the man, and the slow degradation of her soul, all this is incisively handled. The disastrous effect of Valentini's crooked and inordinately vain and capricious personality on the nerves

of the reticent and idealistic woman of the north suggests a racial antipathy, that is, no doubt, too often disclosed in similar unions. Ragna's illegitimate child is born, and the story traces how she loses her only chance of freeing herself from her hateful yoke when she has also borne Valentini a child. Count Angelescen turns up again, and offers her the chance of escape, and a real union, but Ragna cannot, now, find it in her heart to leave her children to the mercy of her excitable and tyrannical husband. There are weaknesses and unrealities in the telling of the story; the faithful Count Angelescen, for example, is drawn in conventional colors, and Ragna's figure is far less arresting than Valentini's, so much easier is it to convey a feeling of hatred than of sympathy or esteem; but Miss Constantini compels our attention when she writes of what she has observed under the instinctive impulses of attraction or recoil.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

WE must congratulate Lady Gatacre on the manner in which she has told the story of her husband's life ("General Gatacre," by Beatrix Gatacre; Murray, 10s. 6d. net). She has fulfilled a difficult task with an admirable completeness and sincerity, and at the same time with a sensitive reserve and an entire absence of "gush" that are only too rare in biographies of this kind. It is all the more difficult to avoid over-emphasis in writing of a very distinguished but disappointed man, who was never allowed to fulfil his destiny, but lived under a sense of grievance and died clouded by failure and indignant at wrong. Not that his indignation was loud. Gatacre was one of the race of gentlemen who refuse to make a pageant of their hearts. "I never complain," he wrote at the end of his evidence before the War Commission, and those words may almost be called the only protest he ever uttered. His silence won him the esteem of all who can respect dignity in the midst of a self-advertising age. Even the populace, in spite of its love for personal quarrels and gossip, could not but admire him for it, though if he had "hustled" and raised the outcry which vulgarity would have raised, probably the authorities would not have dared to subject him to the final degradations. He was, indeed, a rare type of the British officer at his best—devoted heart and soul to the service, untiring in energy, never asking anything of his men unless he was willing to do at least twice as much himself, intensely active ("all steel wire," as poor Steevens said of him), high-hearted, obedient, and incapable of fear. But he had the failings of the British officer's qualities; he often expected more of his men than anyone but himself could perform; in carrying out his duty, he sometimes, as in the plague regulations in India, showed a want of imaginative sympathy with people for whose welfare he was honestly concerned; and he was far better suited for a regimental officer than for a general. It is in the commands above colonel or general of brigade that our Army most frequently fails, and Gatacre must be said to have failed, difficult though his position at Stormberg and in the Orange Free State was. There was a fate against him; if the small reverse at Stormberg had come at any other time but the week of Colenso and Magersfontein, it would have remained almost unnoticed. It would have been known only as one of many "regrettable incidents." But, coming when it did, it spoiled a reputation justly won in India and at Atbara and Omdurman. The authors of far more serious disasters remained unproved, though their errors were repeated. But a scapegoat was called for, and Gatacre was selected. At his second failure he was recalled, a ruined man, and his dignity under the sentence did not assist his chances of retrieving his position, though it only confirmed the honorable character he bore throughout the Army.

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THIS has been a week of "window dressing" by the Joint Stock Banks, with a view to their half-yearly balance-sheets. Window dressing involves the calling in of loans, and heavy applications by the market to the Bank of England for temporary accommodation. With the turn of the half-year, of course, the money will rush back again, and there will probably be several weeks of superabundance and ease. I think we may trace some connection between this contraction of loans and the demoralisation of the Yankee Market; for it always depends very largely upon credit, which credit is just now being supplied very largely to London. The price recessions have been very severe, and are almost certain to cause trouble in New York. There is a strong impression on this side that a good many of the lines will be hit by the increased wages bill, and that lower dividends must be anticipated. Moreover, with reduced nett earnings, the railroads will have to pay interest on the new bonds and short term notes which have been so lavishly created for British and French, German and Dutch, consumption. The Bank return reflects the conditions of the money market, but, of course, we shall go back to normal next week.

THE BUDGET.

"Mr. Lloyd George's Budget," writes an auditor, "was a sad blow to the Tariff Reformers. It was particularly amusing to me, because I sat next to one of their prominent men, who ground his teeth with rage over the comparison with German finance, and could hardly contain his disappointment when he found that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was distributing a surplus, instead of appealing for more taxes." Considering the extraordinary confusion of our finances, caused by the rejection and long postponement of last year's Budget, which, in consequence of the action of the House of Lords, only became law a year after its introduction, the new taxes have done well. But so-called social reformers will take note of the consequences of their readiness to fall in with Mr. Haldane's and Mr. McKenna's estimates. They are now finding that the budget of taxes will only just cover old age pensions, and that the local authorities must contribute to pauper disqualification. A bright thought struck one of the Radicals in the lobby, and he suggested that, by removing one "Dreadnought" from the list, it would be possible to make a popular arrangement with the ratepayers. But there is apparently no chance of a revolt. The atmosphere is still one of passive obedience to officialdom, though Mr. Lloyd George's sharp words about the Navy seem to have been loudly cheered. The chief criticism one would make on the Budget is that the estimates of both this year's tax revenue and next year's expenditure look optimistic. If another five millions are added to the naval estimates next year, where will be the surplus for social reform?

AUSTRALIA'S PROGRESS.

The Australian Colonies have probably never been so rich and prosperous as they are now. The last few years have been years of remarkable progress in almost every direction, and capital of all sorts has accumulated with great rapidity since the last drought. Last month there was some anxiety about rain in the Rivirina. But it has come. Speculators in Australian land companies, wool concerns, and the like must remember that severe droughts have always occurred at fairly regular intervals, and that in these droughts all business suffers, while a good many people come to grief. It is to be feared also that in this time of individual prosperity Australian Governments have been outrunning the constable. The total revenue collected by the Commonwealth Government and by the State Governments rose from 32 millions in 1902 to 40 millions in 1909, while the estimated population in the same years only rose from 3,883,000 to 4,374,000. Sixty years ago the total population of Australia was estimated to be just about one-tenth of what it was last year.* The Labor Party, which has imbibed Protectionism as well as Socialism, has long

been very powerful in the Australian Colonies. It has frequently formed Governments or kept them in power in the States. In the spring of 1910 it actually secured a working majority in both Houses of the Commonwealth legislature and formed a Commonwealth Ministry. Whether the Australian Labor Party, with its graduated land tax and other instruments of torture for rich men and the shameless tariff with which it humbugs and robs the poor, is quite such a terror as the capitalists say, one may doubt. Australian credit is under the strain of perpetual losses. Yet it holds up remarkably well. Between 1891 and 1901 the debt of:—

New South Wales rose from 67 to 90 millions	
Victoria	50 " 54 "
Queensland	38 " 44 "
South Australia	26 " 30 "
Western Australia	12 " 21 "
Tasmania	8 " 10 "

In fact, the total debt of the States rose from 203 to 251 millions sterling between 1901 and 1909. Upon this debt over 10 millions has to be paid every year to meet interest and sinking fund, which is the largest single item of Australian public expenditure. Of the whole debt nearly 190 millions was floated in London. The debt per head was over £57 last year, varying from £78 in Queensland to £42 in Victoria.

* The population of Australia is officially estimated to have been 437,665 in the year 1851.

JAPANESE INVESTMENTS.

The following list will give an idea of the yields to be obtained by investments in Japan. These quotations are mostly from the Tokio Stock Exchange:—

	Quotations			
			June 4, 1910.	June 4, 1909.
BONDS AND DEBENTURES—				
Imperial 4 per cent. Bonds	94.50	—
Exchequer Bonds, 2nd issue, 5 per cent., 1910	100.90	100.30
Third Issue, 1911, 5 per cent.	100.90	99.30
Imperial Bonds, 5 per cent. (Tiekokugoburi)	100.80	92.70
Imperial Special Bonds (issued 1906), 1930	100.00	92.70
Railway Bonds (Ko Goburise), 1963	101.60	92.30
Tobacco Monopoly B (Rogo)	99.80	98.50
Kawasaki Dockyard Deb., 7 per cent.	103.00	96.50
Kawasaki Dockyard, 6 per cent.	99.00	91.00
Kobe City Water Works, 6 per cent.	103.00	96.50
Osaka City Bonds, 6 per cent.	103.50	97.00
Osaka Harbour Works, 6 per cent.	103.50	97.50
	Amount		Quotations	
	paid up.	Last dividend.	June 4, 1910.	June 4, 1909.
EXCHANGES—				
Kobe Rice and Stock Exchange	50	13	146.00	110.00
Osaka Stock Exchange	50	14	153.00	131.00
Tokyo Stock Exchange	50	15.2	235.00	158.00
Tokyo Stock Exchange New	25	15.2	177.50	93.00
COTTON SPINNINGS—				
Amagasaki Spinning Co.	25	30	103.00	96.00
Fukushima Spinning Co.	25	12	46.50	33.50
Osaka Spinning Co.	50	12	73.50	77.00
Tokyo Spinning Co.	50	8	46.50	50.00
MISCELLANEOUS—				
Dai-Nippon Beer Brewery Co.	50	12	83.50	77.00
Dai-Nippon Sugar Refining Co.	50	—	29.00	18.00
Hoden Petroleum Co.	50	15	74.50	97.00
Imperial Marine Products	15	—	10.00	7.00
Kirin Brewery Co.	50	7	53.50	52.50
Kobe Marine Insurance Co.	12½	—	10.20	10.00
Meiji Fire Insurance Co.	50	20	375.00	320.00
Nippon Petroleum Co.	50	18	89.00	107.00
Nippon Fire Insurance Co.	12½	—	18.00	22.80
Ujikawa Electric Power	25	5	33.00	9.30
Yokohama Fire Insurance Co.	12½	12	27.00	24.80

It will be seen that in many cases, though not all, investments made at this time last year (especially in the rice and stock exchanges) would have been very profitable indeed. The industrial and miscellaneous securities, on the other hand, show very irregular movements. Probably speculative investments in Japan should only be undertaken by those who have someone on the spot whom they can trust, and in such a case the selection should be wide and various. Japanese credit has been raised by clever financing to a point perhaps above its real merits, in view of the dangers and difficulties which beset Japan in Corea, Manchuria, and the Pacific.

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